

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1934

THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE AND AFTER

By J. H. Morgan, K.C., D.L., *Assistant Adjutant-General at the Peace Conference: Deputy Adjutant-General on the Commission of Control.*

OF the making of many books about the Peace Conference there appears to be no end. Infinite in their variety, they all have two features in common. One is that they are written by the victors, for the simple reason that the vanquished were not there. The other is that, with the single and most welcome exception of Lord Riddell's fascinating book,* they, or rather the more recent of them, are disfigured by unending recrimination. Every actor who took part in that tragi-comic drama seems concerned to put the blame of all that has happened since, if not upon the Treaty, then at least upon the Conference, but is careful to put it upon someone other than himself. All this literature of confession and avoidance must be meat and drink to Herr Hitler who, as each new volume of "reminiscences" issues from the press, no doubt exclaims to General Goering, "Oh, that mine adversaries may write yet another book." Great must be the *Schadenfreude* in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Greater still, I imagine, must be the malicious joy in Berlin at the present moment over another sinner that repenteth, to wit, the President of the United States. In an extraordinary allocution delivered in Washington on the eve of the present year, delivered, indeed, with unconscious irony at a banquet in commemoration of Woodrow Wilson, President Roosevelt laid "the blame for the danger to world peace" on "the so-called statesmen who gathered in Paris to assemble the treaty of so-called peace in December, 1919."† Not, indeed, that

* "Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference." (Gollancz.)

† The Times, 30 December, 1933.

President Roosevelt was at Paris. But, although he appears to have forgotten it, Woodrow Wilson was, and his successor's allocution must, as we shall see, therefore be regarded, as being, if not a personal penance, at least a gesture of vicarious atonement.

For in his haste to disclaim any American responsibility for the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Roosevelt has forgotten two things. One is that no single statesman at Paris was more insistent, when the German Delegation protested against the terms of the Treaty, than President Wilson on those terms being accepted without qualification as being no harsher than Germany deserved.* The whole of the American Delegation, as we now know, was with him on that point.† So were his two coadjutors. "The ratification of the Treaty," wrote Mr. Lansing in 1921, "was a duty to humanity."‡ "I doubt," wrote Colonel House in 1928 when he had had nine years to think over it, "if a different Treaty could have been made"—adding, with one fearful eye on the American public, and perhaps on Mr. Roosevelt, "but I should have preferred one."§ As for the exaction of reparations, for which American statesmen, particularly Mr. Hoover,

* "The question that lies in my mind is: Where have they (the Germans) made good their points?"—i.e. in their remonstrance against the terms of the Treaty. "Where have they shown that the arrangements of the Treaty are essentially unjust? Not where have they shown merely that they are hard? *For they are hard, but the Germans earned that.* And I think it is profitable that a nation should learn once and for all what an unjust war means in itself. *I have no desire to soften the Treaty.*"—*Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*, by Roy Stannard Baker, vol. 3, page 469 (Stenographical Report of meeting of President Wilson, the American Peace Commissioners and technical advisers at the Hotel Crillon, 3 June, 1919).

† Here is the semi-official testimony of Mr. Stannard Baker (II, p. 105): "It is of some significance"—it is, indeed, of great significance—"that practically every American who was at Paris throughout the Conference, and saw the difficulties that had to be met, came back to support ratification."

‡ Thus Mr. Lansing in his *The Peace Negotiations: a Personal Narration* (1921), p. 247.

§ Thus Colonel House in *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* (1928), vol. IV, p. 504.

PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

have since so ostentatiously repudiated all responsibility, even Mr. Lloyd George, with his talk of "the uttermost farthing," and Sir Eric Geddes with his "squeaking pips," were not more implacable in 1919 than Mr. Hoover.*

Were the "so-called statesmen" of America who insisted on the Treaty in all its rigour so grievously wrong after all? Do not the developments of the last twelve months in Germany suggest that they may have been right? Is it not possible that the real responsibility for all that has happened since lies upon the shoulders of those American Senators who, objecting *not to the terms of the Treaty*† (this is the other little matter that Mr. Roosevelt has overlooked), but to the League—incorporated, on President Wilson's insistence, in it—disavowed their own diplomatic representatives and their pledges by an act of apostacy without precedent in the history of any sovereign State? It is, indeed, something more than a supposition—I will prove it—that it was the Senate's rejection of the Anglo-American Guarantee Pact, which is directly responsible for the menace of another war threatening the peace of Europe to-day. In that matter France was most shamefully betrayed.

It is, in fact, not the Treaty of Versailles which is responsible for all that has happened since, but the failure to execute it and, with it, the implied covenant of the Guarantee Pact. And not only the failure to execute it, but the fatuousness with which all the unlicensed pacifists in our own country have spat upon it for ten years, only to find, to their dismay—they are now as violent, nay belligerent, against the "Hitlerite"

* "It may be necessary to change the terms of the reparation, in view of getting something rather than lose all. And it is not a question of justice. *Justice would require, as I see it, that the Germans pay everything they have got or hope to get*"—Mr. Hoover at the Hotel Crillon, 3 June, 1919 (Stannard Baker III, 501).

† Here is the semi-official American testimony of Mr. Stannard Baker: "It is worthy of comment that the attacks in the U.S. Senate never emphasized the real defects in the Treaty, which were in the terms, but centred upon the constructive and liberal aspects of it, as expressed in the League of Nations"—vol. II, p. 104.

Germany of to-day as they were tender to the "republican" Germany of yesterday—that the German people have taken them at their word by an open repudiation of all the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, and, indeed, everything in it, including the League of Nations itself. For years past, that vast, subsidized propagandist agency at Hamburg known as the "Fichte Verein" has flooded the world with pamphlets denouncing the Treaty of Versailles as the "*Gewaltfrieden*," "the Peace of Violence," garnished with copious quotations from the Liberal and "Labour" publicists in our midst. One such pamphlet came to me from Hamburg about two years ago which displayed in leaded type a denunciation by a well-known Liberal journalist in this country, whose editorial record in the first seven days of the war would not bear a very close inspection, of the Treaty of Versailles as "THE CRIMINAL TREATY."

Was it a "crime"? Let us see. "The great fault of the English people," remarked Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently in another connection, "is that they have no memories." Nothing truer was ever said. "Let us," in the Prime Minister's words, essay to "cure that defect." It has become the fashion, until quite lately, to represent the Treaty as the imposition upon a humble and a contrite people, a people already chastened by the sufferings of the war, of a vindictive "Peace." As a matter of fact, only a few weeks before the Armistice, Germany had imposed upon Roumania a Treaty which, in the words of the Allied Ministers at Jassy,* "provides for the spoliation of the public lands, for the scarcely concealed annexation of the whole country, and, after the peace, for its barbarous exploitation and for the draining of its resources to the profit of the conquerors." "It turns Roumania," they added, "into a veritable convict settlement where the entire population is condemned to hard labour for the benefit of the conquerors."

* 16 August, 1918, published in a British "White Paper" of that date.

PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

'The German delegates informed the Roumanian delegates, who were appalled at being required to accept such conditions, that they would appreciate their moderation when they knew those which would be imposed upon 'The Western Powers after the victory of the Central Empires.' "

It was with that example of a German "Peace" so fresh in their minds that the Allied representatives, Roumania among them, met at Paris. They did not follow the example. There was no attempt to turn Germany into "a convict settlement." There was, indeed, an attempt to make Germany pay for the havoc she had, with the utmost deliberation, wrought, and never was an attempt, in spite of the crudity which accompanied it, more justified. The devastation of Belgium and of the occupied districts of France had been the most deliberate thing of its kind since the devastation of the Palatinate, and was such a thing as Europe had not known for two centuries. After the torch of the incendiary and the executions of the provost-marshal in the first savage rush through Belgium, there followed the organized spoliation of the occupied territories. It was the joint work of the German General Staff and the great Industrialists, in particular Herr Stinnes, and was part of a preconceived plan to ruin both Belgium and France for all time, the history of which is still secreted in certain German publications, quite unknown in this country. Every machine in occupied France and Belgium, regardless of the claims of ownership, was seized and transported to Germany.* By buying up from the German Government the industrial loot of Belgium, Herr Stinnes was enabled to expand his great capital undertakings in the Ruhr.† Fearing, in the course of time, that a peace on the basis of the *status quo*

* See General Wurtzbacher's admissions in *Der Grosse Krieg*, I, p. 76. His chief defence of this ruthless exploitation seems to be the thoroughness with which it was done. Private houses were stripped bare.

† See Dr. Hermann Brinckmeyer's *Hugo Stinnes*, p. 33. He says in so many words, "*The liquidation of Belgium was handed over to the German manufacturers.*"

would mean that Germany would at least have to pay her own costs in the prosecution of the war, he and his fellow "Industrialists," dazzled by a policy of annexations, gained the ear of the great General Staff and committed, or rather re-committed, them, not as we were asked to believe at Paris, to a war of defence, but of conquest, not of belligerent occupation but, extending far beyond it, of an economic exploitation* so ruthless as to secure that if Belgium was to be given back at all it was to be nothing but a waste. "Let us make it a desert and we will then call it Peace."

Of the savagery with which the war on land in its earlier stages, and as long as Germany thought she was going to have things all her own way, was conducted, there is no need to speak here. These things are better forgotten. But it was not so easy to forget them in 1919. The massacre of Dinant, where eight hundred men, women and children were put up against a wall and shot because "we had to get through"—thus the German White Book itself—was a horror still fresh in the minds of all those who assembled at Paris in 1919.† And so with a thousand other things equally wanton and not less cruel.‡ One day, during the sessions of the Conference, I borrowed an aeroplane from my friend General Groves and flew from Buc Aerodrome over the whole of the devastated districts. Below us extended a vast

* It was the annexation of Belgium, already exploited to the uttermost, which Stinnes, in a Memorandum of 19 July, 1915, insisted on as the minimum terms of any peace that might be negotiated—and gained his point. A lurid light on this policy of ruthless annexations is thrown by the documents in "Ursachen des Zusammensbruchs."

† The justification given for the massacre in the German White Book, a copy of which is in my possession, is the obliging statements extorted from a number of German privates that some little girls of Belgian nationality were obstructing the passage of von Kluck's army corps by gouging out the eyes of German wounded with the contents of their mothers' work-boxes.

‡ There are some scores of printed volumes, never published, in the archives of Whitehall, recording the results of an investigation by the Government Committee, appointed at the instance of the late Lord Birkenhead at the end of 1918, into these "breaches of the laws of war." The tale they tell is one of almost unrelieved horror.

PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

cicatrice upon the fair face of France, hundreds of kilometres in length and from twenty to sixty kilometres in width, where not a living thing was to be seen, a desolation as of the Cities of the Plain. Some time afterwards, an honest German journalist described in the columns of the *Vorwärts*, with a kind of terrified astonishment, the weird horror of the scene as he travelled through it, or rather a strip of it, by train in the moonlight, and rejoiced that German territory had escaped all such abominations.

Was it to be expected that, with all these things fresh in their minds, the Allied and Associated Governments should have "negotiated" a Peace that would have satisfied Germany? Would any Peace, short of a "draw," have satisfied her? A "draw" would have left her free to bide her time and renew, with her territorial and military resources unimpaired, the predatory "tiger-spring at the throat of Europe," as Lord Birkenhead put it, of 1914. Three times within living memory she had provoked a "European" War, and each time had imposed, or, as in the case of Roumania, attempted to impose, terms more ruthless than the last.* What security had the Allied Governments that there had been any "change of heart"? The expulsion of the Hohenzollerns proved nothing. The adoption of a republican constitution proved nothing. There was the continuous testimony of History to suggest that, as had just happened in Russia, revolutions only result in a "reversion to type." Many years ago, to wit in 1921, Ludendorff remarked to me that there were two things—he regarded them as an imposition of the Allies—which were wholly alien to the

* In all the fatuous criticism of the Treaty of Versailles, particularly in the matter of reparations, English pacifist writers have forgotten that in 1871 Germany made France pay her for the whole cost of the war, although Germany then, as in 1914-1918, had escaped all devastation, and refused to evacuate French soil until the whole of it had been paid. She turned a deaf ear to every representation by the British Government in favour of leniency to France, holding that "the rights of war should be pushed to the uttermost and that France should be laid waste, ruined and humiliated."—Fitzmaurice's "Life of Granville," II, 65.

political mind and character of Germany. One was the institution of Parliamentary "democracy," the other was the abolition of conscription. Events in Germany have proved him to be right. The Weimar Constitution was, in fact, little more than a republican façade. When, only a few months after the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, I proceeded with the advance party of the Control Commission to Berlin, I discovered that all "the old gang," headed by Baron von Maltzahn, who had been responsible for German foreign policy in 1914, were still entrenched in the Wilhelmstrasse. It was the same with the military hierarchy. True, there was a Republican Minister of Defence, Herr Noske, but, as a German officer gleefully remarked to me, Noske could never forget that he had been a N.C.O. and always came smartly to attention when addressed by any member of the German Officers' Corps. The whole of the tactics by which Germany, right down to the Conference of Spa and, indeed, long afterwards, tried to preserve intact the old army, and with it all its heavy artillery, were conducted by a Republican Minister of Defence—Herr Gessler, the successor of Herr Noske, who was nothing but a tool in the hands of General von Seeckt.

More than that, I found, on our arrival in Berlin, that the German military authorities, rapidly recovering from the shock of the Revolution, were reorganizing the old army, and had a million men under arms. The munition factories were still busy. The ink was scarcely dry on the Treaty of Versailles—with that futile prohibition of conscription for which Mr. Lloyd George was responsible—when, as we discovered, the conscripts were being discharged, or rather released, with newly-printed "military passes," "*Militär-passe*," reminding them of their liability to be called up again for military service. If Mr. Lloyd George had succeeded in his incredibly foolish attempts, of which more in a moment, at the Peace Conference first to prevent, and then to limit to a few months, the post-war occupation of the Rhineland,

PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

we of the Control Commission would have failed utterly to secure even the demobilization of the old army. We carried no arms, except our revolvers, and without the Rhineland armies of occupation behind us we should have utterly failed to "disarm" Germany even to the modest extent—she was never really disarmed—that we did. The result would have been that the Treaty of Versailles would have gone the way of the Treaty of Sevres, and Germany, like Turkey, would, as in the latter case with Mr. Lloyd George's assistance, have snatched victory out of defeat. Mr. Lloyd George may, or may not, as he recently reminded us—and the reminder was clearly necessary—have "won the war." What is quite certain is that he nearly lost the Peace. The man who, by supporting Clemenceau in his insistence on the occupation of the Rhineland, saved the Peace, was, to his eternal honour, President Wilson. Thereby, in spite of his repudiation by the American Senate, he at least saved the peace of Europe for the fifteen years which are now drawing to such an ominous close.

The mistake the Allied Governments made at Paris was in making no provision for the institution of a Control Commission in Berlin for securing the payment of reparations, corresponding to the Commission which secured the demobilization of the old German Army and, to a limited extent, the disarmament of Germany, or rather the disarmament of that Army. For this omission the interminable delay of the Allies in coming to an agreement among themselves in assessing "liquidated damages," and then in assessing them too high, for recovery, was no doubt responsible. What the Allied Governments should have decided, and decided promptly, at Paris, was to take a leaf, but only a leaf, out of the treaty Germany had recently attempted to impose on Roumania. That treaty, in imposing "reparations" on Roumania, provided that the Roumanian railways and other sources of revenue should be placed under German control and a German "delegate" installed in the

Roumanian Ministry of Finance as a kind of Comptroller and Receiver-General. Nothing of the kind was attempted in the case of Germany until years after the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and, even then, the "Agent-General for Reparations" had no such powers. In any case, it was too late. Germany had long before "got away with it." Immediately after the conclusion of the Treaty, it became the established practice of the German industrialists, with the open connivance of the German Ministry of Finance, to pay no taxes, or rather to defer payment of them until the mark had been so depreciated that the tax they paid cost them next to nothing. On the other hand, the unfortunate German workmen and lower middle-classes always had to pay their income-tax immediately on its being voted—it was, in fact, deducted from their wages and salaries—but the manufacturers were not required to pay until a year later. The "lower" classes of Germany were regarded by the German Government as legitimate "mark fodder" after the war, even as they had been "cannon fodder" during the course of it.

It was an extremely clever, if ruthless, procedure, as these impoverished classes were at the same time carefully indoctrinated with the idea that their financial exploitation was due to the Treaty of Versailles and the consequent payment of reparations in kind—the only reparations that were then being paid—and of the maintenance of the Rhineland occupation and the Control Commissions. Meanwhile the great industrialists, by paying off all their debentures, at almost no cost to themselves, in the steadily depreciated currency, were enabled to renew and improve their plant, particularly in Westphalia, the greatest centre of the armament industries, to such an extent that they were—and are now—far better prepared for war manufacture than they were in 1914. Moreover, by the policy of deliberate inflation, with no Agent-General for Reparations present to check it, Germany, by the same ruthless but calculated sacrifice of the lower

PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

and middle classes, succeeded in doing what the Allied Powers have never been able to do—she wiped out the whole of her internal debt and thereby took another step in the acquisition of a differential advantage in the "next war."

The final stage in this masterly policy of defeating the reparations clauses was to discover a method of enlisting the support of the American Government in the repudiation of those "Reparations" which, as we have seen, the American representatives at the Peace Conference had insisted that Germany ought to be compelled to pay. Dr. Schacht's stabilization of the mark, when depreciation had done its appointed work, was used to attract the American investor, some, at least, of whose "idle money" represented the faithful payment by Great Britain of her war debt. From 1925 onwards vast loans were floated in America by the German States and municipalities for capital undertakings, not a few of which might serve a belligerent purpose, and the Reich Government itself was left free to increase the army estimates by leaps and bounds.* In vain did the Agent-General for Reparations, General Dawes, draw attention, year after year, in his annual reports to the excessive expenditure, in the German Budget, upon armaments. No one took any notice. Sir Austen Chamberlain, now so belatedly wide awake, had been so "doped" with the opiate of Locarno, and his naive pride in that illusory achievement by which Germany secured the evacuation of the Rhineland and the withdrawal of the Control Commission, while we secured nothing, least of all the security of France, that he ran up whole flights of stairs in an attempt to assist the German Ambassador in hushing up the execution of Edith Cavell. "Give peace in our time, oh Lord," he prayed in public—

* In 1927-1928 the vote for "Military Training" rose to just ten times the amount of the corresponding vote in the British Army Estimates. The expenditure on armaments, i.e. "warlike stores," also vastly exceeded our own. A detailed comparative analysis of these estimates by the present writer was published in the *Times* of 15 November, 1928.

and forgot the rest of his quotation.* He infected everybody with his own infatuated belief that the leopard had changed his spots. Never since the devout Simeon left the Temple was there such a state of ecstasy as that with which he was bewitched by Locarno. A friend of my own, occupying a high place in the Foreign Office, in asking me to use what he was pleased to call my "influence" with Marshal Foch to win him to support of Locarno, explained to me that with her entry (as the price she was to pay for "Locarno") into the League, Germany would be "educated" into becoming "a good European." With a rather intimate knowledge of post-war Germany I declined the office and suggested that the result of Germany's entry into the League would not be a changed Germany, but a changed League.† In that opinion the Marshal vigorously acquiesced when I subsequently acquainted him with my friend's optimistic prophecy.

Then, in due course, there happened what a British observer on the Control Commission in Berlin predicted in 1925, when the princely borrowings by Germany from America began. Germany announced that she would be unable to pay her American creditors, to say nothing of English financiers in the City, unless her reparation obligations were still further scaled down. It was the beginning of the end. The whole of the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles have now gone by the board. Thus did "republican" Germany, reverting to type, put into application the maxim of Clausewitz, recently reiterated by Herr von Papen, that "peace" is merely an interlude in war and that the duty of the statesman in time of peace is so to conduct affairs that the last war shall merely result in preparation for the next one.

* "For there is none other that fighteth for us."

† At the time I was singularly alone in this opinion, which I expressed in an article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for November, 1925, "First Thoughts on the Security Pact." That article was, however, followed by a letter from the late Lord Lansdowne in which he expressed to the writer the same opinion as to the futility of "Locarno."

(To be continued.)

Manchoukuo (The State of Manchuria)

By *J. Morewood Dowsett*

SINCE the flutter in the Geneva dove-cotes occasioned by Japan's resignation from the League of Nations has died down and public attention is focussed on Germany's withdrawal, the time may be opportune to review some aspects of the Manchurian question. While no one will refuse to admit the energy and goodwill of the members of the Lytton Commission, whose report formed the basis of the discussions at Geneva, it would be idle to pretend that the evidence they collected represents the final word on this complicated problem, especially as further information is gradually becoming accessible. Having kept his eyes, ears and mind open during a recent tour in China, Japan and many other parts of the Pacific, the present writer, for instance, acquired knowledge of facts which seem difficult to reconcile with the view expressed in the Lytton Report, while after his return to England he received from the Government of Manchoukuo an official document which gives a very different version of the situation to that which is purveyed to the British public by the medium of the League of Nations.

It has been urged in the Lytton Report that there was no desire on the part of the Manchurians for an independent government. This seems a strange assertion when we consider the records of the two war-lords of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-lin and his son and successor, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who exploited the country to finance their participation in the civil war that has been raging in China for the last twenty years, but there may be some measure of truth in it, for neither the Changs nor the bosses who ruled the Manchurian provinces under them would have been particularly anxious to see a genuine desire for independence manifest itself.

As the Lytton Report admits, they did proclaim the independence of Manchuria at different times, but merely as an excuse for invading China, and they would certainly have suppressed with a very firm hand any movement for an independence of the kind that their former subjects have now achieved.

The state of Manchuria before the expulsion of Chang Hsueh-liang is eloquently described in the proclamation issued by the Provisional Government which was formed in early 1932 :

" Since the establishment of the Republic following the Revolution of 1911 the military factions of the Three Eastern Provinces, taking advantage of civil wars in China Proper, usurped its administrative power and brought the territory under their control. Twenty years have elapsed since the Revolution, during which time war-lord succeeded war-lord, each and all of them contemptuously disregarding the welfare of the people to indulge in greed, extravagance and dissipation, pursuing their self-interest to the injury of the people, who were burdened with over-taxation to the point where they faced ruin and starvation. The currency system was completely ruined; the business of the country became stagnant and finally collapsed.

" At this critical juncture the war-lords, giving free rein to their insensate ambition, advanced their armies into the country south of the Great Wall, causing unnecessary strife and killing or wounding many thousands of people. Although on many occasions they suffered defeat, they never awakened to a realization of their folly. They lost the faith and respect of foreign Powers; they engaged in wars with neighbouring countries and, in utter disregard of the spirit of international friendship and goodwill, encouraged anti-foreign movements."

The proclamation goes on to describe the internal condition of Manchuria under the Changs. The laxity of police administration afforded golden opportunities to

the gangs of bandits that wandered about the country, while all sorts of crimes went unpunished. The terrified population preferred to submit to violence or death by starvation rather than bring forward complaints that would only have entailed summary retribution.

"To leave the thirty million people of Manchuria and Mongolia unprotected against this menace within their borders," continues the proclamation, "exposes them to atrocities, outrage and ultimate extinction. It is the people's desire to free themselves from this menace to their lives and liberties. Happily, through the aid of the army of a neighbouring country, it was made possible to expel these corrupt and vicious elements from the stronghold wherein they had entrenched themselves for many years past."

Information from provincial sources corroborates the tale of the Changs' misdeeds. Brigandage, we learn, had been prevalent in the province of Fengtien for many years. The bandits did not restrict their activities to the countryside, but even attacked fortified towns, where they recruited their forces from the criminals they released from the prisons. Their ranks were further swollen by the number of destitute persons who joined them as an alternative to starvation, while the police, realizing their impotence to intervene, looked on apathetically and even acted in collusion with the brigands. Needless to say, the latter had a good understanding with the provincial governor.

The Governor of the province of Heilung is accused of having embezzled 80 per cent. of the taxes levied for road building and spending a portion of the remainder as hush money. Meanwhile every form of commercial and agricultural activity was taxed to breaking point.

Marshall Chang Tso-ling, the former war-lord, obtained control of the banks and enriched himself by juggling with the currency. He was assisted in these operations by Peng Hsing-Ting, the president of the Bank of the Three Provinces, who also received an annual subsidy

from him for placing the funds of the bank at his disposal to finance the civil wars he waged with other Chinese war-lords.

In view of these serious charges against the Changs it would not seem unnatural for the Manchurians to be glad of any opportunity to get rid of their dynasty. The desire for complete independence is equally conceivable because unity with China offered nothing but the privilege of participation in interminable civil wars. From the national patriotic party known as the Kuomintang, which had promised to regenerate China, nothing could be expected, because it was corrupt to the core. "In these circumstances," says the proclamation, "it is impossible to expect from its leaders any regard for the national welfare. The country is now overrun with Communist bands, whose poisonous doctrines are fast demoralizing the people and corroding the very heart of the national government."

One is also tempted to inquire which of the various Chinas would have been entitled to Manchuria's allegiance. Should she have linked herself to the government of Nanking or that of Canton? * Or would the Kiangsi Soviets have been the right partners for her?

The Lytton Report asserts that "the State of Manchoukuo could not have been organized without the presence of Japanese troops and the activities of Japanese officials, both civil and military." This again is possibly true, but a study of history shows that very few independence movements have come to fruition without the intervention of some foreign Power. The fact that the Manchurians were unable to assert their aspirations until Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's troops became embroiled with the Japanese forces stationed in the country to guard the South Manchurian railway does not detract in the least from the justice of the aforesaid aspirations.

It must also be remembered that Japan had

* We now have the Fukien Government as well. Mr. Peter Fleming's article in *The Times* of December 14 gives an eloquent account of China's present chaotic condition.

MANCHOUKUO

maintained these troops in Manchuria for many years, as she was entitled to do by treaty. During all this time she loyally refrained from interfering in Manchurian internal affairs, in spite of a series of intolerable provocations, culminating in the Nakamura murder, which might well have justified punitive measures. It would be easy to find instances where Great Britain has taken drastic measures under similar circumstances.

Japan's case is also strengthened by the fact that she had only 10,000 soldiers in Manchuria on September 18, 1931, when the Chinese troops blew up a portion of the South Manchurian railway at Liutiaoko, whereas Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's forces numbered over 200,000. Although subsequent events showed Japanese training and discipline to be more than a match for the ill-equipped, lawless hordes of the Manchurian war-lords, it must be admitted that the odds were enormous. If Japan had really been planning the *coup d'état*, of which she is accused in certain quarters, she would surely have reinforced her Manchurian forces before taking action.

The odds against her would have been insuperable if she had been compelled to deal with a hostile population as well as Chang's soldiery. But the Manchurian will to independence is amply proven by the course of events after his expulsion. Throughout the country the administrative offices abandoned by the war-lord's nominees were taken over by committees for the maintenance of public order, which lost no time in proclaiming their desire for independent government. These committees were composed of members of the Manchurian intelligentsia, such as presidents of the local Chambers of Commerce, lawyers, government officials, bank directors, etc.

The reference made to these committees in the Lytton Report is that "The Japanese made use of the names and actions of certain Chinese individuals and took advantage of certain minorities among the inhabitants who had grievances against the former administration."

But it was only natural for the intelligent minority to voice its "grievances" first; the great majority was too cowed and dazed to become articulate then.

But in the early months of 1932 this majority expressed its feelings in no uncertain tones. Meetings took place all over the country; in some cases they were composed of hundreds only—representatives of different sections of the community—but we have also records of monster mass meetings where the people came in their thousands to manifest their desire for independence. On February 21, 1932, "there was a demonstration at the second primary school of the prefecture of Tiehling, attended by about 5,000 persons, including representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Chamber of Agriculture, the Educational Association, the Buddhist Association, the Hingwantzu-Hui Society, the Young Men's Association, the Red Cross, the Chungchen-chiao-Hui Society (Mohammedans), the Catholic and Protestant Associations, the editorial staff of the 'Shengchinpao,' the official journal of the Three Eastern Provinces, the Holiday Association and the Tartung-Jihpao Association (Koreans)." On the following day 5,000 persons came together in the prefecture of Faku-tsien, including representatives from 107 villages and 600 representatives of agricultural associations, while two days later 12,000 persons held a meeting in the prefecture of Hsun Hsinmin, 20,000 in the prefecture of Kaiping, 1,500 in Haicheng and 20,000 in the stadium at Kaiyuan. But the record gathering is that of the 30,000 who assembled at Changtu on February 22.

These are only a few instances of the demonstrations all over the country, but the figures speak for themselves. It would be impossible to imagine the Japanese shepherding such huge masses together to manifest their desire for a government they did not want, especially as the Japanese forces were still engaged in military operations against the bandits infesting the country and the remnants of the fugitive war-lord's

MANCHOUKUO

armies. Only their own spontaneous love of independence could have brought them together.

In submitting these facts I am solely anxious to see justice done to Japan, whose motives for leaving the League of Nations have been misunderstood in this country, and show the genuineness of Manchoukuo's claim to independence. On leaving the Far East I had opportunities to present the case for Japan in the columns of several Dominion newspapers, wherein I made certain predictions. Since my return to England these have been justified by events, for China is drifting into an even more hopeless state of anarchy, while under the guiding hand of Japan Manchoukuo is striding firmly along the path that leads to prosperity.

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE
SURE OF SHELL

Some Proposals towards Constitutional Reform

By "X"

WE are paying in this generation, with the savings of the last generation but one, for the pride of the last generation. We have almost dissipated the savings, but have we rid ourselves of the pride? The habit of muddling through, perilous and costly in war, is fatal in peace. Yet we still go on "trusting to British common sense," to "the swing of the pendulum," to "our native moderation." We still say complacently that we shall never have communism here, or dictatorship, or the persecution of religion; that, unlike Greece and Rome and Spain, we shall never lose our Empire; that, unlike Tyre and Carthage and Venice, we shall never lose our trade; and that, unlike Athens, Venice, Spain and Holland, we shall never lose the command of the sea without which a trading people must surely die.

We inherited these convictions from our grandfathers. They have been the stock-in-trade of after-dinner speakers all over the Empire for two generations. We have come to believe that they are, not truths dependent for their validity on the character of our institutions and our rulers, but laws of nature. Exulting in our pride, we have been, during the thirty odd years of this century, sailing the difficult seas of unrestricted democracy without rudder or compass, armed only with the conviction, unshaken until three years ago, that whatever follies other nations might perpetrate, England's future was absolutely assured.

Every principle for which Englishmen struggled against the Crown in the seventeenth century has been surrendered to-day to the political caucuses. Parliament itself, which came into being to ensure that taxes shall only be voted by those who have to pay them, has become

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

the institution through which those who do not pay them impose them on a minority. The powers of legislation, older even than the right of taxpayers to determine the national expenditure, have been deliberately surrendered by Parliament to the bureaucracy. Whole spheres of activity, involving the livelihood of every man, woman and child in the country, have been removed from the jurisdiction of the law and reserved for the determination of tribunals, irresponsible, irremovable, governed by no code and subject to no appeal.

What is the answer usually made to this indictment? The answer, of course, is that Parliament is still sovereign. The laws which thus infringe the liberty of the subject deny representation to the taxpayer and the rights and protection of the common law to the subject who deems himself aggrieved, can be, we are told, repealed. Sir Ernest Benn has even, greatly hoping, devised a slogan to remind the people of this possibility: *Peace, Retrenchment and Repeal*. It is a wise and proper reminder, but it ignores two vital points. **The right of repeal is itself challenged, and the necessity of legislation is itself denied.** [A third and not less sinister claim is simultaneously being put forward: the right of free speech and free assembly is being challenged in the constituencies. We are even threatened with a move by the political "bosses" to lay down the law about the colour of our shirts.]

These new revolutionary restrictions on self-government are perilously near to becoming constitutional, since in an unwritten constitution precedents are held (at least when convenient) to settle the matter. The weapons so far employed in this new assault on our liberties and our security are three. The politicians' pledge; the pledging of public faith; and the party discipline. If we take the case of India first, it is because it illustrates precisely the character and the extent of these new dangers. The fact, if it be a fact, that a majority of the country may be willing to do in India what the Government intends to do, affects the argument in

no way. The electorate has never been consulted and the House of Commons will not be allowed the free vote. The clear provisions of the Act embodying the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms have been overridden: the Commission set up under that Act has been ignored. The situation has been governed for the last four years by a pledge of "Dominion Status" given by one politician—Lord Irwin—who was not, of course, a member of the Cabinet at the time, and endorsed by the Leader of the then Opposition, Mr. Baldwin (who had appointed Lord Irwin) without consulting his party. The Viceroy's pledge binds this country in any case, according to the modern doctrine. Nothing less than his immediate recall could have cancelled his pledge, and Mr. Baldwin's action prevented his recall. We are left, and 350 million Indians are left, to devise the best constitution they can within the framework of this declaration, subsequently repeated, emphasized and clarified with cold and calculated deliberation by half a dozen ministers and three governments before the issue has ever been before the British electorate. The details of the scheme are left to the decision of an unrepresentative Committee, a clear majority of whom had already committed themselves to support the Government's policy. This Committee may, of course, present the wisest and best of Constitutions. But this also does not affect the principle. Meanwhile, the principles to govern the new Constitution are being discussed before the electorate. But are they? Under the latest doctrine a Conservative member of parliament may not speak in the constituency of a fellow-member (when that member belongs to his own party) without that member's consent. Ordinarily, perhaps, the point is not important, since the members of one party are often in substantial agreement, and the opposition usually belong to a different political party. But when shall we see again those days of two-party parliaments, one in and the other out? Not in our lifetime, for a certainty. And the doctrine is being extended. Only a

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

fortnight ago a member of parliament had the impudence to protest against a peer speaking in his constituency without his consent.

Is this Indian case exceptional? Not in the least. The so-called "Flapper Vote" was granted in answer to a pledge given by two ministers in their constituencies at an election in which this vast extension of the franchise was not even an issue.

Yet graver is the political pledge given to foreign countries, a pledge which, when it takes the form of a Treaty, with no provision for termination, can, it is argued, bind a whole nation in perpetuity. The Locarno Treaty is a case in point, and a more serious instance of political autocracy cannot be imagined. When the Crown made treaties, the Crown paid for its wars out of its own fixed revenues, and if these were insufficient, Parliament could and did refuse to grant more. In any case, wars were fought in those days by small bodies of professional soldiers of all nationalities, who were far from resenting opportunities of employment. To-day wars affect all classes for a generation at least. It is intolerable that the tea-table conversations of a professional politician should be able to bind a whole nation in perpetuity. It is also inexcusable. There is no reason whatever for making any Treaty for an indefinite period, unless with a clear and simple provision for termination after a maximum period of five or seven years.

I pass on to a final instance, perhaps the most serious of all, of the abrogation of the power of repeal. This concerns the financial promises made by politicians to the electorate. The classical instance is widows' pensions and the so-called contributory old age pensions. Superficially, a contributory pension scheme has more merit than a non-contributory one. A moment's thought proves this to be incorrect. A non-contributory scheme can obviously be terminated. Even in the post-war decay of responsible government, the politicians have distinguished between uncovenanted and covenanted

out-of-work benefit, and have, in fact, repeatedly altered the amount and conditions of the former. A contributory scheme is a very different matter, and the old age and widows' scheme is quite startlingly so. This scheme, provided the beneficiaries' contributions are substantially increased, becomes partially self-supporting in 1956. The politicians get the credit, the voters get the cash, and the bill is paid by a generation of voters not yet born. Yet the scheme, even if honestly financed, would still have fatal constitutional objections, for it involves a permanent charge on industry which cannot be removed without involving the potential beneficiaries in the loss of their contributions. To-day (year ending March, 1933) the benefits paid in England and Wales amount to over £35 millions. The contributions from employer and employed amount to less than £21 millions. By 1946 the Exchequer contribution will itself have risen to £21 millions, and will only remain at that figure if successive increases in the contributions are made in 1936, 1946 and 1956. The capital liability entailed by this measure alone is well over £1,000 millions, and the annual expenditure under this scheme and on non-contributory old age pensions will, by 1961, exceed £80 millions. Yet if this scheme were curtailed or repealed the State would be faced with the immense (and virtually impossible) task of repaying with interest the contributions forcibly extracted under what would then be false pretences from 15,799,000 persons.

The conclusion which I offer to the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW is that they must take their politics more seriously. I have shown how the casual utterances of transient politicians are being relied on to govern for generations, yet unborn, the destinies of hundreds of millions of people in Asia and in Europe, and how this new habit of long-scale legislation, with the benefits now and the payments "forty years on" is removing from future generations of our own people the substance of all future self-government. If democracy is to be made safe

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

for the world, it must be preceded by clear and sharp measures of constitutional reform. The concrete proposals below are put forward as a basis for discussion and consideration.

(1) No individual politician should give any pledge of future action by any government to which he belongs or hopes to belong, except in the form of a personal promise to recommend a measure to the free vote of the House of Commons, and any candidate for election giving a pledge otherwise than in this form should be disqualified from taking his seat and from taking office for ten years.*

(2) All new measures involving the direct payment of public funds to individual members of the electorate, other than to the salaried employees of the State, must be voted on by secret ballot and shall require a two-thirds majority in the House of Commons.

(3) No measures involving payment of public funds to members or future members of the electorate shall receive the Royal Assent unless they contain, in the opinion of a joint committee of both Houses presided over by a Speaker of the House of Commons, clear, practical and workmanlike provisions for terminating the liability at any time without violation of public faith or loss to any member of the public who may have been called upon to contribute to these schemes.

(4) No public engagement in relation to any foreign Power should be entered upon for any period exceeding seven years unless clear and practical arrangements are included in the engagement for its termination, with reasonable notice, by resolution of both Houses.

(5) No law affecting the constitutional relation of the Dominions and the Crown or the constitutional development of other parts of the Empire shall become law

* The proper exception would be the official programme of the leader of an Opposition party seeking office (and nominating not less than 300 candidates), or the head of a Government seeking a renewal of a mandate provided such programme is made public a clear three weeks before the poll and is embodied in the election addresses of all the candidates concerned.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

unless passed, except by a two-thirds majority of both Houses, in two successive Parliaments at intervals of not less than three years.

(6) The law embodying these changes should itself be deemed to remain in force unless repealed by a two-thirds majority of both Houses in two successive Parliaments at intervals of not less than three years.

These suggestions for constitutional reform are not put forward as complete. Personally, I regard the reform of the basis of representation as at least equally urgent. But more, perhaps, of this on another occasion.

Blindness over Ireland

2. Where Ireland's Opportunity Lies

By *J. M. N. Jeffries*

THE settlement of the Anglo-Irish crisis must come from within the Free State. However considerably Great Britain is affected by it, all the crisis is in Ireland. This does not mean that every one in England is an impassioned supporter of the treaty, thought in fact most of the public have accepted it willingly enough. The essential point is that such over here as would wish to tear it up are not likely now ever to form anything but one of those sects of powerless dissidents which accompany rather than take part in politics.

To say this may be enouncing a truism, yet it requires to be said since so few people seem to realize what ought to be evident—that a lasting settlement will have been reached only when parallel conditions to those which we enjoy are established across St. George's Channel. The general tendency of British onlookers is to trust to the next Free State elections to right the situation. But even supposing that Mr. de Valera were defeated at these elections, there would be no genuine settlement so long as Fianna Fail emerged from them still the recognized Opposition, with the same attitude towards Great Britain.

What is required is that the Treaty issue should leave the sphere of elections. No defeat of Mr. de Valera at the polls by an average or even by a biggish majority will achieve this. It will be achieved when the claimants of an Irish Republic not merely are reduced to an insignificant left-handful in the Dail, but are reduced to that state through the moral inferiority of the Republican thesis becoming apparent to the Irish people. The Republic must not be beaten, but found out.

Thereby is the sole exit from the Great Maze of Erin. A moral solution springs from new premises which should have been applied to the consideration of this problem

long ago. It clears the ground of all the tangled scaffolding with which statesmen and fighters alike have encumbered the labyrinth. It clears the approaches of all the stop-gaps and temporizations and of every *modus vivendi* which England otherwise never will cease hankering to instal in Ireland. The best thing about it is that it does get rid of these practical solutions, since above everything else it is the practical solution for the Irish question which must be dismantled most resolutely. No doubt the special witchcraft of England here and there about the world ever has been to build upon sand with a measure of durability, but as regularly a natural countercharm in Ireland has made such edifices immediately crazy upon her bogs.

The real remedy for Ireland is an appeal to her soul, because once the affairs of the soul are touched she finds herself in a peculiar position. Other countries are not driven by moral compulsion as she is, because she lives upon a different plane from the rest of the world. I am aware of her boycotts, her ambushes and all her other crimes. These things do not alter her character. She is a stained saint, but she is a saint. No other country, I think it is fair to say, desires to be a saint, let alone has pretensions to sanctity. Perhaps Spain will some day. Pious Austria has never extirpated the temporal Viennese strain in her composition. As for the rest, suggest sanctity as a national factor in Throgmorton Street, in the Palais Bourbon, in the Munich Brown House, in the Palazzo Chigi—what a quaint idea!

Ireland is different, or else I mistake her whole character, and I have had some opportunity of studying it. If she perceives that it is her moral duty to take a certain line of action, she cannot hearken to any personal feeling she may have against it. If in the present instance she comes to perceive that she must stay in the British Commonwealth for her faith's sake and for the sake of the world and of her fellow-men, her principles will not permit her for a moment to retain the idea of an

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

independent republic in her heart, however long it may have been cherished there. That she will come to see that her duty so beckons seems reasonable, if she will but vouchsafe to examine her prospects within and without the Commonwealth.

However, if this be so, the query will come instantly, why has not Mr. de Valera, who is a good, religious man and knows his own country, why have the members of Fianna Fail generally neither felt this compulsion nor attempted this examination? Certainly this is a preliminary point which calls for a little scrutiny.

At the root of things Great Britain herself is the party most responsible for the blindness or insensitiveness of Mr. de Valera and his companions. By her egregious policy she has kept the revolutionary doctrine alive in Ireland for centuries, a doctrine so engrossing that those who profess it become the most blinkered of specialists. They become as immured in nationalism as a professor in syntax: gerundives or Geraldines are equally good for narrowing the horizon. They know their own country only too well, and they ignore the trend and the necessities of the outer world.

Those who live in that outer world can see its perilous state and see that because of the interdependence of all countries nowadays the first duty of any one country is to lend its shoulder where the greatest effort to save the world is being made. It is nothing to our credit to see this: it would be discreditable if we did not. Nor have men in Ireland been lacking who have seen it: Kevin O'Higgins, Cosgrave, and a number of others. Arthur Griffith never watched Ireland so closely that he lost sight of the world. I grew to have opportunities for watching the workings of his mind, in days I take some pride in remembering. He believed in Ireland's destiny, and it was in one of Europe's Empires he sought a model for her. His opponents said of him that he made the Treaty to have peace. He did not. He made the Treaty to have power—power in the grasp of Ireland to impose her tenets and to force

some virtue upon the mercenary world. He used to grow bitter with anger against de Valera, the waster of opportunities, the unequipped visionary erecting a cell round his country.

Poor Mr. de Valera! he is the last, let us hope, of the revolutionary chiefs. They have succeeded each other through the centuries like a line of kings living in exile from the universe. In the recesses of the castles of the deposed and amid rebel camp-fires nothing is in anyone's heart but the thought of freedom from the usurper. The usurper is long dead and his line is dissipated when the de Valeras of the globe burst forth from the smoke and the flames demanding Independence at his hands.

Independence for Ireland certainly, but the time has come to consider what is meant by independence. Independence is not something unaltering as the waves of the sea. The Republicans think of a material, provincial independence for Ireland. They seek for her the rights of the householder, the unfettered stretch of her arms within her walls, the chance to put her feet on her own pathway where she pleases, the freedom of utterance after her own fashion, which she possessed once, which they affect to believe she does not possess now. Then to alter the tenure of land, to restore the countryside, to re-create small-town industries—this, apart from expelling the King, is the measure of their ambitions.

Save their intentions against the Monarchy, these are respectable ambitions, but they are the ambitions and deal with the responsibilities of a County Council. In the name of sense let as many of these things as have not yet been handed over to Tipperary be handed over to Tipperary, and let Ireland think of herself as a nation and turn to a nation's work.

Suppose that nation were to become a Republic after Fianna Fail's plan. She *might* turn into a tranquil small community. She *might* grow self-supporting. In time she *might* talk only the Irish tongue. She *might* establish a culture untinged by that of England. The great question,

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

however, is (if she were "spared," as they say, under these conditions), "What would her work be? What would she accomplish? What would the Island of Saints be doing for the world?" Preserving herself? That does not seem her divine destiny. Edifying the world? The world is somewhat over preoccupied to have leisure to be edified. It takes two, at the very least, for edification to exist, and if the edification is to be on a national scale, a cohort of persistent witnesses is needed. The Republicans, it is true, think every one is waiting to look at them, but if they were more familiar with the outlook of foreign peoples they would be disillusioned.

An occasional cavalry officer, himself one of a vanishing breed, rides an Irish horse. An occasional scholar pens a monograph on the remote land, a journalist writes a short series of articles upon her. Frequently the journalist, sensitized so highly to local character, and especially the Latin journalist or author, writes of her in dimmish, poetic terms as though transcribing from an obscure lyric. Now and then she erupts, at the cost of life-blood lava, into the news-columns of the world's Press. At other times distance enforces enchantment and exoticism upon her. General O'Duffy, seen across the plains of Europe, shows somewhat like the first fairy to don a Fascist shirt. Mr. de Valera arrives at Geneva to fill the President's chair, and creates the interest of a rare postage-stamp, unused.

It is true that the country has won more prominence since she took her place in the Commonwealth; the Free State has been more notable than Ireland has been. But under Fianna Fail it has again ceased to be a centre with which to reckon, and has relapsed into the vistas of curiosity. This obscurity, of course, will be set down by professional Republicans to the secular overlaying of Ireland by England. Art, song, literature, lawgiving forsooth would have blossomed through the land but for the heavy weight of England upon her. This old plea need

detain no one. Poland, dismembered as Ireland never has been, has shone in the arts through her servitude. It would be possible to descant at some length upon the scope given to Irish poets and writers by their works being in the English tongue, and upon the enrolment amidst Irish men-of-letters of writers such as Shaw who, to my best belief, has not a drop of native Irish blood in his veins nor, for the matter of that, an Irish ideal in his head.

These, though, are bye-issues. The real reply is that Ireland's obscurity is nothing special to her. She shares, under modern conditions, what I may call the Latvian lot. All very small countries share it. The more they increase their nationalism too, the greater grows their isolation and their inability to-day to turn their preaching for mankind into practice. So true is this that they have tried, tentatively and vainly, to link themselves together for common action, which has but had the result of stultifying their pleas as independents. In earlier days at the League, when that most heavily-winged of stormy petrels, Mr. McWhite, was her delegate, Ireland did lobby a great deal, toyed ostensibly with the small-state groups, exacerbated Mr. Chamberlain's staff and various Dominion representatives. But this was probably a necessary step to postulate her power, and later she has shown (not under Mr. de Valera at Ottawa of course) that she is well aware of the superiority of her opportunities within the circle of the Commonwealth. To take a single example, her influence with South Africa has been valued in Whitehall as much as it has been redoubted. It has entitled her to her legitimate rewards, when she has been conciliatory, has strengthened her position when she has been firm.

This is something more definite than the edification of mankind by the suppositious Republic. There is, though, even a more telling point to be considered, more telling to many Irishmen at least. What actually has been the chief accomplishment of Ireland, free, enslaved or manumitted? Without the flicker of a doubt, her missionary work.

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

Those who have no sympathy with the doctrines of the Irish missionary, have been the first to bear testimony to his zeal and to his character. The Irish priest, the Irish teaching-brother, have known no obstacle, no fear, and on the whole no failure. Their Christianizing influence everywhere for generations has been what their devotion has merited. As for the Irish nun, one cannot say too much of her. To polar regions or to tropics she has brought in her single person the whole compendium of female qualities, distributed in the secular sphere between mothers and wives and sisters and daughters.

What has to be faced now is that the installation of a Republic in Ireland means the limitation of this great missionary achievement. The better part of it is carried out in the heathen or the semi-heathen portions of the Empire. As subjects of the Empire the Irish priest and the Irish nun have suffered no hindrance, and often have been aided in their works of charity by the Empire's authorities. Towards the heathen races the invisible mantle of their British nationality has been their ever-present backing. But should Ireland become a foreign Republic, then the entry of every single missionary, priest or nun, becomes a matter for negotiation and control. This cannot be avoided, as the immigration laws, which daily grow severer, must be applied without distinction of persons. Any influences hostile to Irish extension which at present are impotent before British passports will at last have something upon which they can act. The British Empire, it is true, will have nothing of religious bars and will never refuse entry to the Christian minister of religion as such. But will it be able to grant entry to the alien Irishman who, non-political as he may be, yet (unlike Dutchman or Frenchman) in his person is an example to the native population of doffed allegiance to the Crown?

There is no need to labour the answer. Nor does this matter begin and end in the distant Continents. In the British Isles themselves the long line of Irish curates will

be stemmed. The Irish congregations will be decimated. Whether the Presbyterian clergy in Scotland who have been so perturbed by the spread of Rome in their country will vote an illuminated address of thanks to Mr. Eamonn de Valera or not, I cannot say, but logically they should, and they might search the goldsmiths of Edinburgh and not find a present adequate for his aid. But I do not wish to touch more than is essential on doctrinal issues. The drying-up of the current of clerics of Irish birth means that the best of the men who by their geniality and by their upright lives have given testimony to all creeds in Britain of the true qualities of Ireland will disappear from our shores. This country for knowledge of Ireland will be thrown back—as the House of Commons most lamentably has been thrown back without its Nationalist members—upon some wanderers and upon much hearsay. The friendliest Irish Republic, willy nilly, would bring ignorance in its train, and would substitute even for the indifferent relations of the present mangled regime something worse, the void between strangers who never meet nor enter each others' homes.

I must counter again, of course, the Republican's ready reply. Under their ægis (they will say) Ireland would still be the mother of missionaries. If Britain placed an embargo upon them, to blame Ireland for this would be hypocrisy. But this reply evades the question. That the restrictions or the embargo would be Britain's fault does not matter. What is material is that if Ireland allows a profane impediment to arrest her spiritual career, then she sins in a way which she has never done before, by betraying her vocation. Those who acknowledge the primacy of the spiritual are regularly faced by false dilemmas every time it appears clear that if they do what is right then someone else, less single-hearted, will profit unduly or improperly. They can take no account of this specious impediment, but must do their bounden duty.

Turning, in conclusion, from the fall from grace which a Republic would mean for Ireland to the steps which

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

she could mount as a Dominion, the argument becomes still more cogent, indeed imperative.

To begin with, the system has been tested fully. There are some ten years of triumph as a Dominion to Ireland's credit. Triumph is the word to employ, and many other exultant words of the sort to describe the work of the Treaty-makers and subsequently of Mr. Cosgrave and of his ministers. Altogether insufficient praise has been bestowed upon them. The two greatest achievements of the post-war period have been the creation and consolidation of the Irish Government on the one hand, and on the other the absorption by Greece of the populations expelled from Turkey. Neither of these great deeds, typically enough, has won the renown it deserves. There is, of course, as I have just tried to point out, a vast leeway of obscurity for Ireland to make up, but in Ireland and elsewhere the whole standard of comment upon the Treaty and upon its developments has erred.

Even amidst the defenders of the British connection apologetic has ruled. They have told the Irish public that Dominion status is as good in practice as the status of a Republic, that such little difference as there was between Dominion and Republic was not worth a fight, in the past. Nor, they add, is it worth bad relations with England in the present.

That is not the way to look at it. It would have been worth Ireland's while to fight England to obtain Dominion status, and she might reasonably have refused friendly relations with England if England had tried to fob her off with a Republic. Dominion status is the premier status of the world. It is a miraculous status, made of conditions of which one or the other might seem capable of being enjoyed, but never of being enjoyed together. A Dominion is a sovereign state and something more! On its own soil it is sovereign. Off its own soil it joins with its colleagues in an exercise of further supreme authority. This gives it an increase of sovereignty beyond that which the proudest ancient realm can boast.

They have been slow to see this in Ireland, but the accurately-minded and quick-witted Latins have not been so slow. I recall no odder incident of politics than in the same year to have heard in Dublin Irishmen dismally disclaiming against their Dominionship, while in Paris and in Rome I heard Frenchmen and Italians yielding reluctant admiration—to call it nothing else—to the paramount condition of the same Dominionship. “Ah, vous êtes forts, vous autres....avec vos Dominions qui sont seuls et sont séparés, qui sont jeunes filles et mères-de-famille à la fois, qui règnent en leurs Australie et Canada et règnent aux conseils de Londres....il n’y a que vous pour réussir des combinaisons pareilles...”

That was what men of insight had to say while in County Dublin the hedge-sparrows chirped for the Republic. How unbelievable is the folly of that Republican cry, too, when it is realized who were the men who constructed these “combinaisons pareilles.” To whose action was the Declaration of London, the charter of the Dominions, in major part due? To the persistence of the Irish delegates, though there was more talk of others than of them. At the time and after there was not much talk of any sort in public, certainly not enough talk proportionate to the importance of the event, concerning the whole declaration. Strictly British opinion was not too pleased with the situation, for it is characteristic of Britain that she produces her Reform Bills and her Declarations of London under some pressure, as a last resort, and wins her races running backwards, with her eyes regretfully caressing the forsaken starting-point.

But beside the short-reported official conversations of that Imperial Conference there were many momentous meetings in hotels, and the two chief currents of influence in both cases sprang from Lord Balfour and from the Irish. Balfour and the Irish had definite causes to plead and knew best what they wanted. Before they coalesced these currents did not flow much side by side. Union was reached in the end, after the first real exercise of

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

Irish strength in world-politics for six centuries. There is a word for Fianna Fail to try and take into its consciousness; Irish "strength."

People may remember a photograph of the Prime Ministers of the Empire in Court attire, grouped round the King, taken during the Conference. The Dublin crowd drew harmless fun out of this photograph later, when Mr. Cosgrave next addressed a meeting in Dublin. "Did ye see the photy," cried a voice from the gallery, "Willie in his little pants." "Willie" joined in the laughter, but his little pants mean more to his country than Mr. de Valera's sans-culottism. Is it not evident to the eyes of all but those who have committed suicide of sight that an Irish prime minister who voluntarily, determinedly and proudly takes his place amid his brethren Ministers of the Empire is in a position of great power and unlimited promise, having ten times the power of an Irish President?

What, however, of the use of this power? If he has, as he must have if he is true to his blood, spiritual directives behind him, then he has an opportunity for giving them form and scope, and for putting them into execution in the structure of the Empire such as has never been enjoyed by any President or minor King. Only a few days ago someone observed that while the envoys of the isolated small Powers could agitate a great deal at the League of Nations, they lacked the experience of putting anything into force. He might have added that they lacked the hope.

Is it Ireland's destiny to lose herself amid the hopeless and impotent? Is she not summoned instead into the Empire, thereon to graft the policy "restaurare omnia in Christo?" Whatever its defects, that Empire stands out to-day as the solitary institution (without prejudice to President Roosevelt's remarkable beginning) which provides both the means and the power to keep the world together in these perilous hours, and later to reconstruct it. But reconstruction will not be carried out without

some reconstruction of the building agency itself. Everything around us is in such a doubtful and insecure state that it is acknowledged by all but diehards spouting passing-breaths that the old order must be changed.

It is excellent that more unemployed are returning to work and that trade has taken something of a turn for the better, and it is splendid that our country should have led the others in this. However, these ameliorations are but the piers upon which a new order must be elevated.

How is this to come about? Not easily and not immediately of course. But it may be noted that the great obstacle to change lies in this, that Governments have not been communicated with the abstract feelings which stir at least a great part of their subjects. All men wielding considerable power in Europe, even Mussolini amongst them, are materialist-technicians. The very core of our own Government's policy, in particular, is to eschew new ideas and to preserve old ones empirically, by fresh materialist-technique.

The fact is that as long as rulers are technicians you will never obtain a new directive, which is the affair of the idealist. Here surely lies an unexampled chance for Ireland. The presence of her Prime Minister, needless to say, amid the Empire's Prime Ministers, is not going to alter the ways of the Empire or of the world in a flash or in anything like a flash. Obstacles abound. The Board of the Empire meets all too rarely; there is no Imperial Parliament but a mere national one falsely so entitled. The Empire is still too much of an intermittent body in action. The cardinal point, however, is that Ireland can bring something new to its councils as they exist.

Thus she may help to perpetuate it. But she will not do so unless she brings more than human wisdom to its aid. Our Empire needs something more than the inspirations of mankind if it is to be made immortal. One can have been faithful to it in every emergency and in every test of the past; one can be faithful to it in every prospect of the future; yet one can recognize that it is

BLINDNESS OVER IRELAND

encumbered with parasites, with company-jugglers and share-traffickers such as recent trials have sent to prison, with metallic barnacles of men, made of money, who cling to its ocean-borne structure and foul it. Its loftiest commands generally go to men of honour, but its high and mid positions are distributed altogether too much amidst those who belong to the realists and the self-seekers. Yet there is nothing in existence to compare with it, nowhere such steady men as the multitude of its sons who gain a livelihood in its many States, nowhere such influence as lies in its hands.

None the less, we do need some fresh force to stir its ruling circle, to make it a fervent counter-agent and not a mere inert impediment to the advance of Russia. All the permutations of humanitarianism have been tried, but no shuffling of them can make them pregnant with a new essence. Here at last does seem to be the chance and the bounden duty of that dear, strange land, so long wasted; so long unplaceable; overhasty in herself like an attar of perfume, predestined perhaps to sweeten the whole of the earth.

Edward Elgar—The Noble Romantic

By Basil Hogarth

IN this article I do not propose to take part in that critical guessing competition which has become universally popular in recent times, a pastime that largely consists in the forestalling of posterity's verdict on contemporary artists. Such a childish amusement is a fatuous attempt to shirk the crucial problems of present-day criticism by substituting for objective critical values some ill-defined Posterity, and offering to that nebulous personality of the future a wild prophecy in place of a considered judgment. Such a procedure belongs rather to the stock-in-trade of the racecourse tipster than to the methods of serious criticism. My immediate concern is not with my grandchild's estimate of Elgar; it is with the measure of his achievement: to put on record what the last of the great Romantics meant to his own contemporaries, and to discover in what relationship he stands to the traditional line of romantic and classical composers.

In music, more than in any other art, the listener is very inclined to apply subjective tests, but whatever one's personal reactions to Elgar's music may be, there can be no doubt of this: that his death on February 22 deprived music of one of its most towering figures. For music-lovers of the present day, he stands unanimously elected as the last representative of the romantic tradition. He has no successor, in Britain or abroad; with him ends the great stream of classical and romantic musical thought, beginning with Bach, and continuing through Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms.

In the obituary notices, far too much stress has been laid upon Elgar's youthful struggles against what some have chosen to call the vested interests of academic professionalism. To liken the young composer to a David fighting lone-handed against Goliath makes a

EDWARD ELGAR

pretty, romantic picture calculated to appeal to one's sporting sympathy with the fighter who has overwhelming circumstances pitted against him. That Elgar had his battles to fight, no one will attempt to deny; but so has every composer who desires to overcome not only the inertia of apathetic critics, but what George Gissing used to call "the native malignity of matter." But to suggest, as many have, that Parry, Stanford and Sullivan deliberately conspired to deprive a rising genius of his lawful due, is wholly to misrepresent the case. The idealized picture of Elgar confounding the intrigues of this group has no basis in actuality; and if the lie direct were needed, it has been given by Sir Edward himself, for he at one time proposed to dedicate a variation in the *Enigma* series to both Parry and Sullivan. Ultimately he relinquished the project because of certain technical considerations of style. The mere fact that the idea occurred to him, however, in connection with a work that is a noble testimony to the inspiration of devoted friendship, is proof of the high regard in which he held both his seniors. Elgar dwarfs both, but we need not belittle them in order to measure his own achievement.

What Elgar suffered from more than anything else in those years of early obscurity was that misunderstanding of his ideals that falls to the lot of all novitiate composers whose work is neither the statement of accepted platitudes nor the outburst of revolutionary iconoclasm. The Elgar of the 'eighties and the 'nineties was neither a hanger-on of the Anglo-German group of Victorian musicians, nor a revolutionary who rowed in the same galley as Liszt and Wagner. He owed allegiance to no one; he was simply an isolated phenomenon whose compositions reflected the intensely subjective idiom of their composer's personality. To such a one, appreciation by the mass of musicians comes of necessity rather later than to one who can be immediately docketed and pigeon-holed by the most casual amateur. Further, Elgar's spiritual development was curiously protracted. Looking

back at his early works of apprenticeship in the light of our knowledge of his greatest contributions to his art, we can trace without difficulty the forms, the ideas, the images, and the concepts that are the essence of the mature Elgar. Yet it took him almost twenty years to attain that mature consistency of expression, and certainty of technique, found in Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, for instance, almost in adolescence.

Once this mastery was attained, his success with the public at large was virtually instantaneous. His sudden leap into universal popularity after the first performance of the *Enigma* variations, in 1899, proves that his contemporaries were fully aware of the genius that had sprung upon them. If they were on occasions rather slow to grasp the significance of some of his finest utterances, the fault was due to imperfect and inadequate interpretation in the first place. It is true that the initial performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* was nothing more than a lukewarm *succès d'estime*, while in later post-war years, the violoncello concerto met a similar fate when first played. Still it was the signal failure of the choir in interpreting the *Dream* that caused the public to question its merits. The ordinary listener, faced with a new work of exceptional length, cannot be expected to distinguish between the sins of interpretation and the sins of composition. The *Dream* demanded a new technique of choral singing, and the provincial choir on its first production could hardly be expected to enter at once into the spirit of a complex and elusive style of choral writing involving strange and uncouth difficulties for which their orthodox training in conventional English cantatas had left them totally unprepared. The violoncello concerto, the last of Elgar's contributions in the grand manner, suffered a similar temporary eclipse from identical causes.

Apart from such unfortunate accidents in performance Elgar soon won the renown due to his unrivalled genius. Between the years 1900 and 1910, there was no composer

EDWARD ELGAR

more frequently performed. His oratorio, *The Dream of Gerontius*, received more performances than any other work of a like calibre since *Elijah* of Mendelssohn. The violin concerto was played no less than a hundred times within a year of its publication, surely a record that eloquently testifies to its immediate recognition. No other concerto, whether by Beethoven, Brahms or Tchaïkovsky, can boast such an enormous reception. These ten years may well be called by some historian of the future, the *decas mirabilis* of British music. They have no parallel in the musical history of this country; it would be utterly impossible to point to any other native composer who contrived to produce in a decade such masterpieces, in rapid succession, as the *Enigma* variations, the violin concerto, the *Sea Pictures*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Apostles*, and the first symphony. In those years British music flourished as it had never done before: Elgar compensated for two centuries of musical aridity.

From the outset it was recognized that he belonged of right to the classical hierarchy. His spiritual kinship with Brahms was realized even before it was generally conceded that he possessed a much wider range of ideas than the German master. Although rooted in classical tradition, Elgar nevertheless infused new life into creeds and dogmas that were rapidly becoming outworn. In that resides his most outstanding contribution to the art of music. In the crucible of his temperament, he reconciled the conflict between the classic and the romantic tendencies. He succeeded where Brahms, it is now clearly seen, failed—in directing classical thought along romantic channels. He rescued composition from the slough of despond and artificiality into which it had gradually sunk. He recaptured something of the elusive austerity that was Mozart, something of the ebullient passion that was Wagner, something of the Gothic terror that was Beethoven.

He brought once more into music that exquisite beauty and virginal purity of line that melody had

never known since Beethoven. Like the Wordsworth of the *Lyrical Ballads* he discarded the turgid artificialities that had grown like loathsome *fungi* upon the landscape of romance: he sought to rediscover that emotion recollected in tranquillity which the Lake poet defined to be the essence of romantic poetry. There are composers of our own time who rival Elgar in the picturesque marshalling of orchestral *timbres* (Stravinsky is one of them): there are composers who are more sensuous in harmonic transition (Delius, for example). But there is no composer who excels him in the fertility and spontaneity of melodic invention. It has been declared by the greatest of composers, Beethoven, that nature's finest gift to the composer is the gift of melody: judged by that standard Elgar ranks with the immortal masters. Never since the *cantilenas* of Beethoven has music known such sincerity and beauty as in the slow movement of Elgar's violin concerto, and in the *Nimrod* number of the *Enigma* series. Here more than anywhere the affinity of Beethoven and Elgar is exposed.

It has been urged against Elgar that he was too fond of the panoply of chivalry. If a love, a justifiable pride for the past glories of his native land is to be accounted a defect, it is one that he shares with some of our supreme creative minds. Like his contemporary, Rudyard Kipling, he was not afraid to be inspired and moved by the spectacle of pomp and circumstance. He took an especially keen delight in military pageantry, and it was this aspect of his temperament that conditioned the overtures *Froissart*, *Cockaigne*, and the early cantata *Caractacus*. To the score of the first-named he prefixed this phrase from Keats:—

“ When Chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high.”

Such a quotation is a confession of his inborn gallantry and his sympathy with the picturesque elements of our national heritage. Such traits as these motivate the

EDWARD ELGAR

virile exuberance of his melodic line, and its rhythmic vigour. Side by side with this martial strain there existed a hyper-sensitive nostalgia in vivid contrast to it. On the fly-leaf of the second symphony he wrote these words of Shelley :—

“ Rarely, rarely,
Comest thou, Spirit of Delight.”

These two mottoes illustrate widely divergent tendencies, and it will always be a matter for wonder that he succeeded in reconciling these diverse elements in his own work.

To the majority of music lovers the irresistible attraction that Elgar's music holds for them resides in its serene compassion and emotional inspiration. Even in the rather jejune *Caractacus* there is more than a sufficiency of testimony to this power of invoking the innermost emotions of the listener. His most characteristic music is charged with the rapturous ecstasy of introspection and devotion : like César Franck, Mahler and Bruckner, he draws upon a deep and inherent mysticism. Such a work as *Gerontius* could only have come from the pen of one who had known intimately the spiritual solace of a great religion. It is not irrelevant to remark that Sir Edward Elgar was a devout as well as a professing Catholic, for much of his most characteristic utterances, some of his most searching melodies, his most poignant harmonies were the outcome of inward contemplation by a believer. His most sublime work seems to have been born in the confessional. “ To confess ” observes Lytton Strachey, “ is the desire of many : but it is within the power of few. A rare clarity of vision, a still rarer candour of expression—without these qualities, it is vain for a man to seek to unburden his heart.” The remark applies to Elgar with even more force than to Boswell, concerning whom Strachey wrote it. His few shortcomings as well as his many virtues can be attributed to this belief in the necessity for confession.

It is not strange, then, that he revived the classic art of oratorio, which even before his day was rapidly sinking to the level of the lowest entertainment. Since the palmy days of Mendelssohn, oratorio had been slowly succumbing to that fatty degeneration which points only too clearly to oncoming decay. In the late Victorian era it had reached its lowest ebb in such spurious works as Macfarren's *Saint John the Baptist*. The composition of oratorio between 1850 and 1900 had sunk to the level of a profitable industry and had ceased to be an art. It is not the least of Elgar's many remarkable contributions to his art, that he rescued this ancient form from the oblivion into which it had been drifting. As one instinct with the teachings of his Church, Elgar was inspired by the scriptures as few composers have been before or since. He treated the Apostles, for instance, with an almost intimate reverence that proved he saw them less as theological figures than as human beings. His love for the elements of his faith enabled him to write oratorios that were far removed from the tedious museum pieces of his Victorian precursors. He secured for the oratorio a new span of life and animated it with the spirit of passionate conviction that had deserted it from the time of Handel and Purcell. Not since the *Messiah* had musicians heard anything that savoured of such intense spirituality as the final chorus in *Gerontius*. Richard Strauss was but the spokesman of his age when, drinking to Elgar's health at the Cologne Festival in 1902, he deplored that ever since Tudor times England had not taken her place among the musical nations of Europe for want of *Fortschrittsmänner*—men who represent forward movements. "But," he went on to say, "the gap is now filled, and reciprocity between England and the rest of musical Europe has now dawned with Elgar's *Gerontius*."

As an orchestral composer he was without a rival, unless it be Strauss, who seems, however, to have gone completely to pieces since his last outstanding work *Der*

EDWARD ELGAR

Rosen Kavalier in 1912, whereas Elgar on the contrary has widened his range of interests, extending them in directions that he had never previously attempted, particularly in the realms of chamber music. Elgar's instrumentation is primarily utilitarian rather than spectacular, and he derives considerably from Berlioz, and to a lesser extent, from Tchaikovsky, particularly with regard to his intuitive insight into the permutations of colour in the brass and wood wind. For colour, sonority and brilliance he has no peer. His nearest rival here is Rimsky-Korsakof, were it not indeed faintly absurd to liken him to this child-like Russian, obsessed by the tinsel of instrumental colour, as a child with a box of lead soldiers. Maurice Ravel is often praised as the past-master of piquant scoring, yet it would be an impossibility to point to any page of Ravel that surpasses the third, fifth and eighth *Enigma* variations for gossamer-like *nuances*. These masterly variations are the supreme achievement of orchestral colour in the last fifty years, and they testify to the composer's command of all the subtle mutations of musical rhetoric.

It was not as an innovator that Elgar staked his claim to immortality. He never embarked upon experiments merely for the sake of iconoclasm. Any marked departures from the currents of tradition that he made (and numerically such departures were by no means negligible) arose from the insistent demand of his medium rather than from any pleasure he derived from shocking the innate conservatism of his critics. Such innovations as the return to the antique asperity of the baroque concerto (as exemplified in the *Introduction and Allegro* for strings), or the extensive use of the *leit-motive* in his oratorios, as well as the unorthodox choral writing in his part songs, were determined wholly by what he conceived to be the necessity of the works themselves. Like his precursors in the grand manner, he consigned mere experiment for its own sake to the lesser minds: but he was never afraid to innovate when such a departure

from conventional usage was conditioned by the inherent logic of his subject-matter. When he broke with any generally accepted tradition, it was because his artistic conscience so dictated, and not from any exhibitionistic impulse to sustain the rôle of *enfant terrible*. Critics in recent years have on occasions complained that he was too conservative in such respects. They condemned him because he declined to follow Stravinsky and Schönberg into the wilderness of bizarre experimentalism. One can only leave such men to time and Theophile Gautier who declared: "It is in the work of the second rate that the highest degree of originality and the most eccentricity are invariably found. But in order to aspire to the greatest stature in art, one must write for humanity—for the masses."

That was precisely what Edward Elgar did, and it is the chief reason why we can expect his greatest and most representative work to endure when the eccentric jesters of this age are utterly forgotten by all save such curious research workers of the future as care to pry into the highways and byways of artistic folly.

His favourite musical epithet, *nobilmente*, to be found in every score, was no idle mannerism. It supplies the key to the true understanding of Elgar, for all that was noble in the man went into his music.

After Purcell, we had to wait two centuries before we produced such another genius. We may not produce his like for another two centuries to come.

Mariage de Convenance

By *Elswyth Thane*

For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money. I received a most distressing letter, and you left me not knowing . . . I have not been a widow a year. I often feel the apparent impropriety of my present position . . . I am devoted to you.

SHE dropped the pen and pressed both hands to her eyes. Her fingers came away wet. She shook her head, like an impatient pony, and addressed her letter without another glance at its hurried lines. Then, a small fist at either temple, she sat staring down at the littered surface of the writing-table under her round elbows.

Several open letters lay there before her, some of the sheets crumpled by her angry fingers, and at least one of them blotted by her tears. There was the note from Rosina Bulwer, which had made most of the trouble; little Irish cat, repeating through the post another horrid story picked up God knew where, about the wealthy widow whose "ambitious young protegee no doubt aspires, etc., etc." From another letter a dozen underscored words stood out in horror—" *They are saying now that you will marry the Jew!* " And on still another sheet, pink, with pointed feminine daggerish handwriting—" I think I ought to tell you that the gossip is that you—" Her friends! Her loyal, devoted, disinterested friends, aligning themselves righteously in her defence against the man she loved.

His own long letter lay to one side, open, like the rest. She had had them all out, rereading them, crying over them, hating them, trying to make them decide for her what she was to do, trying in the next breath to decide for herself without regard to any of them, feeling herself pulled this way and that, despising herself for a ninny and a coward who did not know her own mind, and all the time knowing it only too well—while his own letter lay quietly there at the corner, aware of its power,

waiting . . . Nothing he wrote to her now was ever destroyed, and this last, though its every sentence was a whip-lash, had its rightful place in her orderly system of pigeon-holes and secret drawers. His own letter, written the night of their quarrel, rigid with the stiff, pitiful pride of young manhood, savage with the bitter self-respect of the Jew—by the tips of two fingers she drew it toward her, so that it covered all the others. Instantly her eyes filled again with helpless tears.

—and I wished to have spoken with the calmness which was natural to one humiliated and distressed. I succeeded so far as . . . to be desired to quit your house forever. I have recourse therefore to this miserable method of communicating with you; none can be more imperfect, but I write as if it were the night before my execution. . . .

He had misunderstood, in his double pride, even thought he knew that she could not control her tongue when she was upset; knew too that Rosina's note had really been the last straw—Rosina, who had not succeeded in holding on to her own husband, and therefore chose to think all men were odious! Whereas men were dears. Well, most of them were. But one had to manage. One had to be agreeable. Rosina had never learned that. Sulking, and flirting with other men does not recover a drifting husband. One must simply be infinitely the pleasantest person he knows, thought wise little Mary Anne, who had never known, and never would know, what a drifting husband was. Pussy cat Rosina, making all this trouble by listening to stories and repeating them in notes! And foolish, idiotic Mary Anne to have taken any notice . . .

But it happened that Rosina had put her claws into the sore spot, with those few barbed words about widows who were married for their money. As though people never fell in love with widows *unless* they had money. That is, if they were young enough—but forty-five—was that young enough? Surely if one still had a figure, and a marvellous skin, and all one's teeth . . .

MARRIAGE DE CONVENANCE

Impossible not to believe such ruthless honesty as his :

I avow, when I first made my advances to you, I was influenced by no romantic feelings. My father had long wished me to marry ; my settling in life was the implied, though not stipulated, condition of a disposition of his property, which would have been convenient to me. I myself, about to commence a practical career, wished for the solace of a home, and shrunk from all the torturing passions of an intrigue. I was not blind to worldly advantages in such an alliance, but I had already proved that my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow, and that heart was touched. I found you, as I thought, amiable, tender, and yet acute and gifted with no ordinary mind,—one whom I could look upon with pride as the partner of my life, who could sympathize with all my projects and feelings, console me in the moments of depression, share my hour of triumph, and work with me for our honor and our happiness . . .

Such expectations seemed not at all unreasonable or exorbitant to Mary Anne. She could do all the things that he named, with ease, with her eyes tight shut—after all, it was but to love a man, to work and share and sympathize . . . And obviously he did love her—he did, he did ! Not at first, perhaps, just as he said—or perhaps he only did not know it, consciously because of his loyal friendship for her husband until his death last March. That had come so suddenly. Nearly a year ago now—more tears dropped down on the letter—what was one to do?—oh, it *seemed* cruel and thoughtless, to care so much about anyone else within a year of one's dear husband's death—but there was no suttee in England—one went on living, and the best of living was loving, at least if one was a woman and not very clever—one could not help it—and surely if one had been loyal and faithful to the furthest corners of one's heart and soul so long as there was need, never dreaming of any change—it was not as though they had been *waiting* for a change, because there was no warning of it—all this, this passion of tenderness between them had sprung up quite innocently since, oh, long since, replacing that comfortable, bantering pose of Egeria by a married woman, a happily married woman, toward a protege of her husband's. They had

never *meant* to fall in love, just as he said, so honestly. He felt her loss keenly too, last March. At first he had written her cheerful, comforting, *usual* letters from his father's house at Wycombe, about the Whitsun blossom, and Jem's noisy dogs, and his father's gout—once he enclosed a spring of spring green—and the family always sent her their love. Then came that *sensible* letter, after she had penned such a wail of brokenness and bereavement, when there seemed to be so little to go on with—"You must not *indulge* such sentiments," he wrote then severely, "and you must endeavour not to brood over the past. The future for you may yet be full of happiness and hope. You are too young —" and he ended with something about being always her faithful friend and looking forward to their next meeting, and so on to his eternal politics, as though to draw her gently back to the old busy way of things. More mild Town gossip through the summer, without his usual sardonic edge—all softened and toned down to her twilight mood of retirement and mourning—how the Duke of Wellington's health was failing; and about the difficulty of housing the Russian Ambassador Extraordinary who had arrived for Victoria's coronation; and how he had been making successful speeches at the by-election, on the Irish Corporations Bill of all things, still twisting O'Connell's tail, of course—"I never racked my brain so much, but it answered to the helm —" She knew them all by heart, those summer letters, from countless delighted rereadings.

But that last dreadful evening he had not understood, and she must have said all sorts of stupid things in her agitation over Rosina's note, and she had never dreamt that he would go out of the house like that. She had been so foolish as to start crying, and probably she looked a fright, and had not the breath left to call him back until it was too late. But she had never asked him to leave her, and she had never mentioned the hateful money herself, that was Rosina. Besides,

MARRIAGE DE CONVENANCE

it wasn't much, as fortunes go. She was no catch for the mere fortune-hunter, a really healthy batch of masculine debts would eat it all up, and the income would cease with her death. He knew all that—he knew it for a very small inheritance—see, he said so himself:—

Now for your fortune: I write the sheer truth. That fortune proved to be much less than I, or the world imagined. It was, in fact, as far as I was concerned, a fortune which could not benefit me in the slightest degree; it was merely a jointure not greater than your station required; enough to maintain your establishment and gratify your private tastes. To eat and sleep in that house and nominally call it mine—these could be only objects for a penniless adventurer . . .

That for Rosina; who was always poor, and to whom no doubt any money at all of her own would look a lot. See, see, Rosina, it was not the money he wanted, but sympathy and loyalty and love, and that embodied in Mary Anne! Under all his irony and grace of manner and obstinate idiosyncrasy, he was sometimes lonely and often discouraged—which only made his wit the sharper to wound others, and his smile the more maddeningly superior—but she had seen, had Mary Anne, the raw, wincing nerves beneath, and she knew, none better, how to deal with him then. Just as she saw now, and utterly believed, beneath his flamboyant phrases his honest, driven passion for herself:—

. . . No; when months ago I told you one day, that there was only one link between us, I felt that my heart was inextricably engaged to you, and but for that I would have terminated our acquaintance. From that moment I devoted to you all the passion of my being. Alas! it has been poured upon the sand! . . .

But that was not just—not true. She had asked for her widow's year before answering him, and he had expressed himself content to wait. Meanwhile his letters had changed deliciously—"Let me avail myself of this moment which I seize in a room full of bustle and chatter to tell you how much I love you." That was the first

time he had put it down on paper. "The sun shines, and Bradenham looks beautiful; most green and fresh, and to-day even bright. But you are not here . . ." He would send her flowers, and news of the heliotrope, from his father's garden. "Health, my clear brain, and your fond love—and I feel that I can conquer the world." Sometimes his impetuous spirit strained against its bonds—"Your letter recalls to me most fully, vividly and painfully, the wretchedness of my situation, separated from my love, and what must be the inevitable result of our present life—fading emotion and final estrangement." She felt again the little chill that run through her when she first read that dark prophecy which had haunted her for days, until they met again and he dispelled it with his laughter and his exotic tenderness.

But had it happened, after all? Had she kept him on tenter-hooks too long for such a conquering nature as his? Ah, but the year was nearly up, and she had nearly decided . . . He had come into the room that last evening as eager as a boy. He was thirty-three. Twelve years younger than herself, but old enough, surely, to know his own mind. He was not a child about women. She herself had seen with detached amusement, only a few years ago, the beginning, the fever-heat, and the sudden end of the Henrietta affair. He was sufficiently seasoned. And theirs was such a long, well-worn friendship without tiffs, full of private allusions and old jokes—the precious code of kindred minds. She was not clever, but she knew how to amuse him. He loved her for being outspoken and gay and fond—a rattle, he used to call her. But he asked her advice too, and took it. He counted on her intuitive judgment of men and situations. It was to her that he turned now, almost as to his adoring sister Sara, when things went against him; and he shared with her his voluble triumphs too. For months she had been made to feel that she was one of that affectionate small family at Bradenham. She was a welcome visitor there,

M A R I A G E D E C O N V E N A N C E

had been for years—she admired his father, and Sara was not even jealous of her. But when he wrote in that dark vein of prophecy it made her blood run cold. See, he had done it again in this letter now :—

Farewell. I will not affect to wish you happiness, for it is not in your nature to obtain it. For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle. But the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be found, and despair of one that can be faithful . . .

She was crying again, into her hands, her handkerchief long since soaked and useless. He was right. He would outlast them all, in her heart. People like Rosina, meddling ; people writing and talking brutally of *the Jew* ; her friends, most of whom had failed dismally in their own personal relationships, and hence found themselves lonely and bitter, unable to comprehend that a respectable woman may love twice in a lifetime, and that a Jew can be a noble and enchanting person. Her little narrow group, by no means so brilliant and successful as the circle in which he moved exactly as he chose, but nevertheless trying to shut him out because he dazzled and exasperated them, and perhaps because they feared his inner ridicule of their precious futile selves.

Why he had chosen her, dunce that she was, still pretty, yes, but with no taste at all in clothes, she knew, and a very ugly house overlooking Hyde Park ; when he might have had a title, surely, and five times her income, and youth besides—well, but it did not matter to her why, so long as he had done so. He wanted her, Mary Anne, and now he was cruelly and most articulately hurt that she did not at once fall into his arms. And was it any good pretending any longer that she was not his utterly, for the taking ? Did it matter what Rosina said, or Caroline Norton, or Lady Blessington, or any of those clever, unfortunate women who were more than pleased to have the Jew to dine, and only remembered his race when he fell in love with some one else—someone who bored them because she seemed to them flippant,

and made breaks in the drawing-room after dinner, and didn't read Greek or Byron, and happened not to know that Swift was dead! She knew more about politics than all of them put together, and more about men too, if it came to that, and—she never bored the Jew.

Mary Anne sat up very straight at this point in her solitary inner struggle—her mind was not usually so untidy with buts and ifs and whereases—and dabbed with finality at her eyes with the useless handkerchief. And then she rang the bell hard, and sent off her letter with crisp instructions that it was to be taken round at once by the footman. And then she looked about her calamitously furnished drawing-room with a little sigh of relief, and jumped up to smooth her hair before an ugly gilt mirror.

She had no doubt that the letter would fetch him at once, for she believed in his love. It would not be long before he came with his queer noiseless tread across that carpet strewn with improbable cabbage-size roses, his eloquent hands outstretched, his thrilling voice lowered to those unconventional endearments which no ordinary Englishman could bring himself to utter—and she would belong, for better or for worse, until she died, to Benjamin Disraeli.

The Italians in Libya

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

MARSHAL BALBO'S appointment as Governor of Italian Libya adds one more illustrious name to a succession of hard-working Italian patriots, who have during recent years applied their unremitting labours to a task of unusual difficulty. The names of Volpi, Mombelli, de Bono, Badoglio and Graziani will go down to Italian history as pioneers in a region where progress demands the greatest determination and resource; and the remarkable result of their work is ample proof of the success of their endeavours. Not only have the most formidable obstacles been overcome in a region of hostility, poverty and desolation, and this in a comparatively short space of time; but a great transformation has been effected by a nation with little previous experience of colonization, proving beyond question that the Italians are naturally possessed of the qualities necessary for colonial development.

With an area of about 810,000 square miles, Libya Italiana comprises the twin colonies of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, and is the largest and most accessible of Italy's colonial possessions. As, however, this large area consists chiefly of desert, the comparatively small part of the country fit for tillage or pasture is situated in the neighbourhood of the coastal oases and other water centres on the fringe of the hinterland. The Libyan coast, extending for about 1,200 miles, does not possess any natural harbour except Tobruk Bay, which unfortunately has no hinterland of any economic importance, so that the construction of good ports at Tripoli and at Benghazi, the capital of Cyrenaica, were matters of primary importance. Furthermore, Libya does not possess one single river with perennial waters, so that agricultural development depends entirely on the presence of water under the soil. In these circumstances, and taking into consideration the state of the country when the Italians

succeeded the Turks, it is not surprising that somewhat unusual methods have been employed by the Italian authorities, who have been subjected to a good deal of unjust criticism.

Under Turkish rule the administration of Libya, as of other parts of the Ottoman Empire, was as corrupt as it was inefficient, while justice was a mere farce for the benefit of those who administered the law. There was nothing outside the walls of Tripoli but desert, palm trees and hostile Arabs, while within the walls there was a dilapidated mass of buildings, mosques, minarets and bazaars among which the inhabitants lived in the usual Oriental filth. Education was of the most primitive nature and in the hands of the Moslem religious hierarchy; communications were confined to desert tracks and camel caravans with an occasional *diligence* of the Turkish variety; and the European population consisted merely of occasional travellers. Moreover, the Turkish Government always put obstacles in the way of explorers and scientists, so that progress was practically impossible. Indeed, although Italy took possession of Libya as result of the Italo-Turkish war of 1911-12, it was not until the advent to power of the Fascist Government that a determined attempt was made to pacify and develop the country.

The pacification of Tripolitania in 1929 was quickly followed by that of Cyrenaica in 1932, so that order has now been established throughout Libyan territory, public security is good, and the law is administered through the lengthy but thorough system of Italian justice. For purposes of administration the whole of Libya is under one Governor, who resides at Tripoli and is responsible for all civil, military and naval affairs, while there is also a Vice-Governor for Tripolitania as well as for Cyrenaica,* the latter residing at Benghazi. The form of government is based on the principle that districts remain under

* General Graziani.

THE ITALIANS IN LIBYA

military control until they are sufficiently settled to be placed under a civil administration, and the country is divided into zones for this purpose. The nomadic populations are grouped into tribes under their own chiefs, and an effort is being made to settle them wherever possible. The sedentary natives, on the other hand, are divided into "quarters" in the towns, and "fractions" in the outlying districts, both under Mukhtars assisted by "Imams" in questions of religion and personal status. In race the native population is chiefly composed of Arabs and Berbers, the latter of whom still form the foundation of the inhabitants of Tripolitania. Among intruders are the Jews, some of whom arrived from Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies, and still lead the lives of troglodites in limestone caves. They are also numerous in the towns, where there are colonies of Turks, Maltese, Cretan and other traders and artisans from Southern Europe. Here in Libya, Arabs and Jews live together in perfect harmony, and the natives have every appearance of contentment in areas where there is money to be made out of development projects. Whether the tribes of the desert appreciate the rigorous regime of their new rulers is difficult to determine, and only time will show their true attitude to a system to which they have never been accustomed.

The relations between the Italians and the natives seem, from the British point of view, to vary between the extremes of great severity and undue familiarity. Italian severity is exemplified by the heavy sentences inflicted by civil commissioners for what seem comparatively trivial offences. Respect for officers and officials is strictly enforced and, except in the crowded streets of Tripoli, no native ventures to pass an Italian of any position without saluting. The relations between hostile tribes and those who have submitted are carefully watched, and any individual of the former found in the camp or village of the latter is very severely dealt with, while his hosts, with

all their kith and kin, are immediately expelled from the colony. At the other extreme is found unreserved familiarity, which forms the feature of daily intercourse between Italian civilians and natives. "Colour" seems to be no bar to intimacy and, although objection was taken to Italians setting up as bootblacks in the streets of Tripoli, it is not unusual to see Italian labourers working side by side with Arab coolies. The Italians also treat the sheikhs with what British opinion would regard as excessive friendliness and equality, and in this the example was set by Count Volpi himself. The effect of all this is a matter of opinion.

It is, however, in the direction of Italian interests that we must look for the best examples of progress; for it is in communications, public works and colonization that the Italians have concentrated their chief attention. Communications with Italy are now maintained by the "Tirrenia" line of modern ships with every comfort for passengers, and by an efficient service of seaplanes between Ostia, Syracuse and Tripoli which completes the journey in one day. Along the coast, between Tripoli and Benghazi, it is possible to travel by land, sea or air, while first class motor roads have been constructed between the principal centres. Indeed, it is even possible to motor by road to Ghadames, a distance of 1,600 kilometres through the heart of the desert, and to stay there at a comfortable hotel. Although there are about 260 kilometres of railways in Tripolitania, and about 160 kilometres in Cyrenaica, the Government are rightly devoting much more attention to roads, most of which are of excellent quality, and play an important part in colonial development. Telegraph and telephone communications have been established between the coastal towns, while wireless is installed in the small centres and military posts of the desert. Meanwhile, the old caravan routes are still frequented by traders travelling from the coast to Ghadames, Ghat or Kufra, and beyond towards Lake

THE ITALIANS IN LIBYA

Chad or the Sudan; and on many sections of these routes there is a service of motor tenders. As in most desert countries, passenger and tourist communications rely chiefly on motor transport.

Yet, the most spectacular features of the Libyan transformation are to be found in town planning and in the unique system of colonization introduced by the Italians to meet the most unusual circumstances. Most visitors, on their arrival at Tripoli, are astonished at what they see to-day in one of the oldest cities of the world, and those who know the East are still more surprised at the scrupulous cleanliness of the Arab and Jewish quarters. Although the old city has lost none of its African and Oriental characteristics, it is now free of dirt and evil smells with a sound system of sanitation; and it is a great credit to the Italians that they have achieved a high standard of Oriental cleanliness without in any way interfering with the natural lives of the inhabitants. Meanwhile, the new city, arranged to blend architecturally with the older part, is a masterpiece of good taste and careful planning. Round the port runs an imposing promenade, the Lungo Mare Conte Volpi, with an avenue of palm trees and well laid out gardens. Within the town the main streets, such as the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele III and the Via Lombardia converging at the Piazza Italia, are composed of attractive looking and suitably constructed buildings of a public and a business nature. Here, in surroundings of strict order and cleanliness, Europeans mix with Orientals of every conceivable race and colour from the hardy Italians of Piedmont to the negroes of Central Africa. Throughout this new quarter building is still in progress, and it is interesting to see southern Italians and natives doing manual labour together. Among the newer buildings are the Cathedral with its characteristic campanile, the Governor's Palace of suitable Oriental design, and the Grand Hotel with its gardens of palm trees facing the sea.

If Tripoli, as its name implies, was once three cities, it is very much one city to-day, and the barrier between the European and Oriental quarters has definitely been broken down. At Khoms, Misurata and other coastal towns in Tripolitania the same policy has been implied. Conditions have been radically improved to suit Europeans and Orientals alike; good hotels have been built to meet the needs of European visitors; and everything has been done to ensure progress under favourable conditions. Although Cyrenaica is somewhat behind Tripolitania in all these respects, owing to the difficulties experienced in pacifying this region, the city of Benghazi is now developing on similar lines, and the time is not far distant when there will be keen competition between the twin capitals.

As Libya is essentially an agricultural asset to Italy, the Government are giving special attention to this side of its development. While Tripolitania is more of a horticultural area, Cyrenaica is more suitable for corn-growing and cattle rearing, and Italian colonists are working hard to get the best out of their respective resources. While the colonies themselves are well laid out and served by good roads, with good housing and attractive surroundings, the colonists are cultivating oranges, vines, olives, eucalyptus and tobacco on soil that is virtually desert. A visit to one of these centres is a positive revelation. (Fortunately, water is usually found in Tripolitania within a few feet of the surface, which has enabled the Italians to grow fruit trees in large numbers, and to carry out the afforestation of the sand dunes with a view to their conversion into fertile soil. Olive and various other fruit trees grow spontaneously, the former coming to maturity in ten years compared with fifteen years in Italy, and each tree yields about 23 kilogrammes of oil. Consequently, these Italian colonies, dotted about the coastal area, present an appearance of progressive fertility, and in some cases the cultivation of lucerne has enabled the colonists to keep cattle.

THE ITALIANS IN LIBYA

As far as wheat is concerned, much more could be produced if the Arabs could be persuaded to cultivate it; but they prefer to grow barley, which gives them less trouble and is more useful for their horses and camels.

In all cases the Government give every possible assistance to immigrants in the form of concessions and credits, and experience has shown that the smaller holdings produce the best results. An agricultural college and experimental farm have also been established for the improvement of agriculture generally. In Tripolitania, up to the end of 1931, the area of land assigned in concessions amounted to 100,801 hectares out of a total of 200,039 hectares, and of this 2,339 hectares has been acquired by concessionaries as their personal property as result of their fulfilling their engagements. It is also significant that the figures for the development of concessions are 66 per cent. for small, 49 per cent. for medium, and 35 per cent. for large holdings. As local production does not yet meet local requirements, the world depression in agriculture is probably less felt in Libya than elsewhere, but this advantage is counterbalanced by climatic and other difficulties with which the colonists have to contend. In the neighbouring colony of Cyrenaica the soil is more fertile than in Tripolitania, and the coastal zone at any rate is suitable for crops and live-stock. Excellent barley is grown and is usually exported to Great Britain, where it eventually finds its way down thirsty throats in the form of whisky or beer. There is also a more plentiful supply of subsoil water, which raises Italian hopes that the ancient granary of Rome may be restored to its own again. Although agricultural progress in Cyrenaica is still in its initial stages owing to the hitherto uncompromising attitude of the native inhabitants, there is reason to look for almost better results here than in Tripolitania, while this less developed colony now enjoys the benefit of her twin colony's previous experience.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Meanwhile, the opening up of this vast area has brought education where it was unknown until recent years, and the most striking feature in this direction is the school development of outlying districts. These schools, all elementary, are designed for the education of the children of colonists and their employees, Italian and native; and at the end of 1931 there were twenty-one such schools with 1,376 pupils of whom 575 were Italians. It is also significant that in the city of Tripoli there is a desire among many Italians to learn English, possibly with a view to British tourists who want to see the famous Roman remains at Sabratha and Leptis Magna, as well as the "Stonehenges" and trilithons of the desert. Yet, more and more tourists are visiting Libya to-day to see what Benito Mussolini has been able to do in Africa.

Squeers at the Colonial Office

By G. C. B. Cotterell

MANY a lesser kudu, sitting sardonically on her haunches between Cancer and Capricorn, now laughs to see the giants of Imperial Airways roar over the tree-tops and disappear in the haze of the early *harmattan*. She knows that kind-hearted epistolarians, deaf though they be themselves with the noise of London traffic, have written to *The Times* in protest against the practice of flying low over game reserves. Better still, the bongo and the white rhinoceros have "observed with interest" the proceedings of the International Conference on the preservation of African fauna and flora which sat recently at Westminster. (Man's efforts on his own behalf at Geneva, they find, are less successful.) So it seems a pity that the other inhabitants of British tropical Africa do not share their increasing bliss.

For the African—the majority of educated Africans, it is said with good authority—is far from happy. Gazing into the future with the startled eyes of the wild deer, his human heart is not, as Blake and Mr. Hernekin Baptist would have one believe,* free from care; for he sees at his hut's threshold the twin menace of Indirect Rule and Anthropology; and the African has never, with but few exceptions, cared for twins. It is in the second of those two closely interrelated activities that the condition of *Homo Africanus* differs so markedly from that of *Gorilla gorilla*. He is beginning to suspect that the anthropologist would like nothing better than to see him penned-up and pinned-down in a kind of mental cold-storage, preserving for perennial future study the paradox of an arrested development; and he has sense enough to perceive that the amateurs of that system of protectorate administration known as indirect rule would be by no means reluctant to compass such a state—at least until they had obtained from the anthropologist

* "Wild Deer" (Faber & Faber), 1933.

sufficient data for their fell, fallacious purpose. Fallacious? Well, *deductive* methods, you know, in these hard scientific times! The bough is golden, *therefore* . . .

In the January issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW appeared an important contribution by the Earl of Iddesleigh on the problems of indirect rule in Africa. Admirable and fresh as was the unusual path of his approach by way of Victorian gnosticism up to a truly terrifying zareba, bristling with problems of an almost incredible thorniness and tangled with a confusion of almost inextricably chaotic factors, Lord Iddesleigh saw and said most clearly that the difficulties inherent in the task of stimulating a beneficent cultural growth in primitive peoples while at the same time continuing to govern them in the best sense of the word are not to be assisted by the fitful illuminations of critics who have not a deep and wide personal experience of *all* the problems involved; an experience giving a knowledge not only of what those problems are, but which of them, as Lord Iddesleigh acutely emphasizes, are capable of solution in fact and which of them are but blind alleys, ductless mental glands of the primitive human mind. It is true that on finally piercing his zareba the author, to his horror, comes upon a sinister idea labelled "Moscow," but that, unless he was deliberately indulging in a Fat-Boyism, was surely put there by some practical joker from Capetown or Dar-es-Salaam. I do not myself apprehend that particular danger very keenly; I am more ready to believe, with that stupid optimism which has already led us a certain distance in safety, that what really lies hidden in that central fastness is a golden apple (Empire produce) from the Tree of Knowledge.

In this essay it is the writer's task to explore much of the same country covered by the Earl of Iddesleigh's expedition, and therefore it will plainly be necessary to follow some of the same tracks and bush-paths, and to employ many of the same facts. But happening to have the accidental attribute of twelve years' service under

SQUEERS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

both direct and indirect systems, I hope to be able to complement in some degree the "point of view" he has so ably expressed. For it is by slightly shifting the angle of vision from the academic to the concrete that we may perhaps obtain an optimum view of this many-sided and, surely, supremely important question. My aim also differs a little from that of Lord Iddesleigh, for while his attention was concerned chiefly with the cultural foundations of indirect rule, mine is in addition concentrated in an attempt to bring out the following fact: that, in spite of the doubts which, as Lord Iddesleigh has pointed out, are beginning to arise in informed quarters, an empirical treatment is actually being administered *ex cathedra* without any consultation of the patient's wishes; he, the African, has not even been asked if he is sick.

Nor, if I may venture the criticism, has Lord Iddesleigh laid sufficient stress on the aspect of the ultimate end of the whole matter, the "standing alone," an end whose very distance ahead renders so dangerous a target. "The verdict of students of history and sociology of various nationalities (I quote from "The Dual Mandate") is unanimous that the era of complete independence is not as yet visible on the horizon of time." The answer, obviously, cannot be given in the present, but, like the answer to a mathematical problem, it pre-exists somewhere in space-time and will one day expose itself to a stronger light than our knowledge can put forth to-day. The difficulty is to know whether we are justified in searching for it, for in the process may not the human apparatus we employ be damaged beyond repair?

Now, I feel that it is possible that many people, busy wondering why the Colonial Office is concerned with Maltese linguistic difficulties or Cypriot constitutions, while Mr. J. H. Thomas finds his time taken up in dealing with the vicissitudes of vice-admirals and acting chiefs in odd corners of Africa with one hand and handling Hibernian heresies with the other, may have still overlooked the interesting field of thought afforded by a consideration

of this particular trend in modern Empire empirics; and therefore a word of explanation may be helpful. Indirect Rule is, of course, no new thing. It is first clearly observable to the historian, perhaps, in the administrative policy of the Roman, Marcellus. But not until to-day has it properly attained the status of a theory of government capable of comparative study on a scientific frame. Like some other novelties it comes, in its present form, out of Africa; and in observing its genesis among the powerful Fulani emirates of the south-western Sudan one is inclined to agree with Lord Raglan, writing in *The West African Review* some little time ago, when he feels that the principle of the system was thrust upon Colonel Lugard by sheer stress of circumstances and an unavoidable necessity for speed. Please remark that *unavoidable*. So that the idea of seizing on the existing Muhammedan organizations and moulding them by British political officers—backed, it should not be forgotten, by British military force—lies, it would seem, at the root of the intricate theoretical axioms so ably propounded by Lord Lugard in "The Dual Mandate" thirty years later. It appears to me pardonable and wholly relevant to query whether Lord Lugard did, in fact, appreciate the vast implications which lay hidden behind his conception of what appeared, at that time, a clear *modus vivendi*. Lord Iddesleigh (p. 21 *supra*) appears to think that he did. But could any man really foresee all that has, with the aid of anthropology, arisen from that decision? There is not room to quote Lord Lugard's wise, but subsequent, deliberations on the matter. They are to be found on page 193 and afterwards in his book. But it is perhaps worth noting here that he bases all his concepts on the broad principle laid down by Lord Milner that British policy is to rule subject peoples through their own chiefs, and he points out the obvious axiom that the *extent* of capacity for self-control must depend on the degree of development and progress in social organization to which they have attained.

SQUEERS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

Dr. R. S. Rattray, the only authority on Gold Coast anthropology—you observe how the two things march together—recently explained indirect rule to the British Association as *implying the administration of the African masses by or through Africans on lines which conformed to their own national customs and traditions; that the European was only there to guide, with a minimum of interference, being prepared eventually to quit, leaving the African to stand alone.* That is, I think, a just definition, and one thinks how beautiful upon the mountains . . . ! In practice, it is to be feared that things are not quite so lovely.

But before going on to more concrete ground I would like, if I may, to deal briefly with one of Lord Iddesleigh's main difficulties—the imposition of a superior culture by means of what is ordinarily understood by Education. Lord Iddesleigh rightly divides the problem into three parts (p. 26 *supra*), and it is in the first of these, the question whether an adequate African culture exists as a basis, that I would seek to assist by returning a categorical negative. In the earlier part of last year an interesting exhibition was held in London of what must be accepted as representative of the best African native art in various forms, and this exhibition provides ocular proof of my assertion. It is surely doing the African no real kindness to say that a culture exists when it does not, even though you drag in Epstein by the way. Nevertheless, this difficulty is not, to my belief, a real difficulty, for a culture is built on mind, and the mind of the African is without doubt capable of receiving any cultural idea Western or Oriental minds have to impart to it. As to the doubts which have not long ago been thrown on the capacity of his intellectual machinery as a separate consideration from his mind, that is a very different affair; and even there the somewhat impertinent theories advanced have, I should think, been adequately exploded by the sardonic intelligence of Professors Haldane and Huxley. Dean Swift, fortunately, did not describe the

island of Laputa to no purpose. No, the only trouble with the educational question lies in the time factor. Educationalists, and most administrators, simply will not wait. To them all plants are hot-house plants and must be forced. It is perhaps as well that our zareba of problems is so dense, for that by itself will prevent the educationalists from pushing the African through it as quickly as they would. As for *what* the negro is taught, I do not believe that matters quite so much as many people think. It is the effort of learning new mental processes, and the method rather than the material, that counts. The Antigone of Sophocles was performed in Accra last October, and who shall say that the performers were the worse for their exercise? In West Africa, at least, the Administration is fully alive to the dangers in this question and at the moment the prospect is without any doubt satisfactory.

One last point. Lord Iddesleigh remarks that indirect rule is cheap. It is. Cheaper, of course, than a direct administration by Europeans. But he refrains from pointing out that you cannot have indirect rule without direct taxation or, also, direct control by the people of their own public funds. How important that is to the working of the system can be plainly seen when one examines the conditions of various territories where indirect rule has been introduced without the accompaniment of some autonomy in financial matters.

Moving now to a concrete viewpoint, let us see the thing at work in divers parts of Africa. In Southern Nigeria, where the experiment is possibly most interesting, most easily studied, and is, perhaps, most eagerly watched from Dotheboys Hall, it is difficult at first sight to discover any very tangible results, in spite of the urge of enthusiasm injected into freshly-imported junior administrative officers from above. A crop of native-run dispensaries (these always seem to go down well), some upsetting of impostors from magisterial benches and district headships, and a good deal of resignation

SQUEERS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

of both kinds in the higher levels of the Political Service; but so far as any real advance in self-government based on resuscitated indigenous organization goes, the prospect is undeniably vague and doubtful. Where any native organization has been unearthed it has been found to be inseparably oxidized with the sanctions of religious beliefs which can hardly stand the strong light of civilized practice; beliefs perfectly sound in themselves and worthy of inclusion, no doubt, in Dr. R. R. Marett's pleasant academies of savage psychology through which he wanders, torch in hand; but nevertheless sufficiently anticivilized as to make their absorption or removal a matter of grave difficulty; a task for Christianity no less than for the Colonial Office to complete before there can be any true advance unclogged by anachronistic survivals. At the same time, in spite of this, it is impossible to digest the Annual Report of the Southern Provinces of Nigeria for 1932 without receiving the impression that a very great deal has, in fact, been achieved and, what is more important, that all movement along the path towards ultimate independence is now in extremely capable hands; so that the initial dangers inherent in the application of a desirable theory are not likely to compass much real harm.

In Northern Rhodesia a slightly different *tempo* has been observed in the introduction of indirect rule; and here, while the Colonial Office appears satisfied with the progress made in an extremely short time, it is admitted that the native rulers are not yet ready to administer their own funds—which, as I have said, is, of course, an essential function of the system. (And why the haste?)

The public at home has lately seen something of native administration in Ba-Tswanaland, from which it has drawn what conclusions it could; and here, indeed, it might be folly to be wiser, for the present state of this British protectorate, viewed both morally and economically, as well as politically, is appalling. Here, at any rate, the principle of indirect rule has failed utterly in

application; a fact which while not, of course, necessarily proving the fallacy of the principle, hardly serves to enhance its practicability as an empirical administrative policy.

Nor can Basutoland or Swaziland be described as Negro spiritual homes. Miss Margery Perham points out* that in all these territories (which, it is perhaps necessary to repeat, are controlled anomalously by the Dominions Office) semi-nomadic peoples, caught in the waves of European invasion, have been immobilized before they have learnt the technique of immobilization; and rightly concludes (for they cannot migrate anywhere else) that any emergence from their admittedly parlous state must be co-ordinated with a policy which can fit out tribal society with new controls in place of its lost sanctions. Not an easy task.

Nyasaland first saw the Squeers' spoon on July 1, 1933, when Native Authority and Native Courts' Ordinances were introduced, the assembled chiefs being told in best Sanderese that none of their land would ever be alienated unless the Great White King wanted some of it; in which case he would, of course, pay some, "if not the whole," of its cash equivalent into the native treasuries. As for Uganda, I would rather refer you, as Lord Iddesleigh has done, to Professor Julian Huxley's "African View." If you have read his book you know what he has written; if not, it is high time that you did, for it is too rarely that intellect impinges on African affairs, and the result is here illuminating.

But it is to Tanganyika that the student of our colonial protectorate policy turns most hopefully, for what he has heard from the East—so long as he has not listened overmuch to the saurian sobs of Kenya settlers—has been of good report. There, he learns, it is now possible to arrange meetings of chiefs drawn from a wide area to discuss matters of common policy. He notes, still hopefully, that eventually some form of central

* *The Times*, 28/9/33.

SQUEERS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

council should be possible. So far, so good, even though we are still in the realm of empirics. But what comes next? And when? That "standing-alone" state which presumably lies at the back of all this still does not appear likely to emerge from the visible future with any degree of definition.

In fact, when considering Africa, one is forced to agree entirely with Sir Frank Swettenham's remarks in a letter to *The Times* on the close parallel existing at the moment in Malaya. While paying high compliment to the pleasant qualities of the Malays, Sir Frank Swettenham says that in character and temperament they are not fitted to control, without help, an administration on Western lines. Which means that they never will be competent; for racial characters and temperaments, if ethno-history is any guide, do not change. Now that description (always remembering the qualification "on Western lines," particularly in its connection with those Muhammedan emirates of Northern Nigeria and the island of Zanzibar) applies co-incidentally with the African negroid races.

Here I must step aside for a moment to deal with the obvious criticism that Dr. Rattray's definition of Indirect Rule which I have accepted, specifically postulates a conformance to native institutions, and not a change to Western lines. Is the African then to remain after all in a perpetual preserve along with the lesser kudu who began this essay? Is it thought that his own institutions, apart from any question of cultural solidity, would be proof against the outside European, American or Oriental world? Or proof, asks Lord Iddesleigh with a shudder, against Moscow? For if it is, then I must regretfully disclose the fact that Dr. Rattray advanced his definition in the course of an attack on, and not a defence of, Indirect Rule; seeking to show the possible and probable sources of danger in the system. These are very interesting and may be summed up as firstly, endo-centric trouble due to the construction of centralized autocracies;

secondly, external attacks by an African element aggrieved at exclusion from domestic affairs; (and, in regard to this point, it is important to remember that Lord Lugard says unequivocally that Indirect Rule is inapplicable to communities of Europeanized natives educated on Western lines.* That being so, how are those communities which our earlier methods and the natural leaning of Europeanized Africans towards Western political organizations have generated to be fitted into the parallel development of the more backward and non-Westernized communities who form the vast majority?) And thirdly, the point in question, the danger of leaving a medieval lamb at the mercy of modern wolves.

But, on the other hand, Sir Samuel Wilson has said that he found a demand coming from the Malay rulers for an increased share in the administration of their States. Now, in Africa, my whole contention is that no such demand has ever been expressed and that all this precipitant imposition of the theory of Indirect Rule is entirely artificial in inception, and, of course, compulsory in application. No African has released the lever which has set in motion, at varying speeds, *but always too fast*, this new and complicated machinery—taxation, assessment, reorganization, anthropological research, and all the rest of the business of making the native wonder whether he is a museum exhibit or a laboratory specimen.

Therefore the final question obtrudes itself: Do the African peoples for whom we have made ourselves responsible want or need the revival of dead or moribund organizations which may actually exist in some cases only in the minds of anthropologists, and a centralization for the purpose of administering themselves (without protection from one another, it should be remembered) on more or less Western lines? The thing is being forced upon them, and they have no more representative voice in the councils of their own local Olympus or in the

* "The Dual Mandate," p. 225.

SQUEERS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

common-room of Dotheboys Hall than have Mr. Joshi's enlightened head-hunters from Assam, who, as even Sir Samuel Hoare admitted to the Joint Select Committee, need safeguarding as much from ignorant politicians as from learned anthropologists.

If we are in Africa to rule and govern these protected peoples, can we do it to their greater advantage by direct methods—or by the application of still untested principles of self-government by primitives inherently unfitted, in the complex conditions of modern times, to steer themselves in refloated (but obsolete) craft which, perhaps, no amount of patching and refitting can ever make seaworthy?

—WHY REMAIN GREY?—

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow abundant and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally

shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip.

You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned.

Book of Hair-Health and Beauty Free

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the Facktative Co. (Suite 30) 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or falling hair without the use of dyes or stains.

In the Crimea Incognito

By *Malcolm Burr, D.Sc.*

IN Moscow a year or two ago, before the Five Year Plan with all its consequences had broken all their hopes, it was the summit of everybody's ambition to get away, if only for a short time. They would save by hook or crook, by fair means or foul, the whole year through to have enough money to enable them to go in the summer for a few weeks to the Caucasus or Crimea. They willingly increased the already severe privations in order to scrape together the bare minimum of money, and people usually perfectly honest considered themselves justified in swindling a government, which, they said, had taken their all. It was a dangerous game, but many took the risk and got away. When the hot weather came in May, I joined the exodus to the south. The rush for tickets was so great that I paid a man ten roubles to stand in the queue for me from daybreak till eleven, and so secured a place in the new *kurortni* train, which was to run, with limited accommodation, on the Saturday. It was a journey of forty hours or more, and a sleeper in Soft Class would have cost forty-five roubles, then about five pounds. But experience had taught me that the public in these more comfortable coaches consists chiefly of officials, who live in such an atmosphere of mistrust that no one dare speak to his neighbour, so that travel on a long journey becomes extremely dull. I took therefore Hard Class, which cost only eighteen roubles, and paid another three for bed linen, provided out of a sealed bag, including mattress, sheets, pillow with case, and blanket. The ticket gives the right to space in which to lie at full length.

The Hard Class is of polished wood without upholstery, a great advantage in the hot weather: besides, it is much cleaner than cushions, which harbour dust and above all, vermin. The train was brand new and quite comfortable. The passengers belonged rather to the spoiled than to the spoilers, consisting chiefly of members

of the lesser bourgeoisie, professional men, clerks, employees in banks, offices and shops. Conversation was free and general, though of course no one ever dared talk politics in Russia, to-day less than ever. The scenery of the south Russian steppe is not very interesting, but the company was good, for educated Russians are delightful, and the time slipped by pleasantly. There was a dining-car and, of course, at every station we all got out and ran with our kettles to draw hot water to brew tea. The chief occupations of Russians on a long railway journey are talking, smoking, chewing sunflower seeds, sipping tea and more talking.

Those who had left any *joie de vivre* and were able to scrape together the cash were accompanied by their girls. There were also numerous girls who had left their boys behind. With these there was a brisk interchange of telegrams, as the mail was slow and uncertain. I saw one, "be sure and get fat; love and kisses." They all seemed to end with this formula, which became so stereotyped that the stationmaster at Simferopol is reported to have received the following wire,—

Omnibus train No. 657 off rails at kilo 786 send breakdown gang at once love and kisses.

As we drew near the south, the ground became drier and drier, for the spring rains had failed and the heat was great. It was pathetic to see the parched crops holding promise only of another famine. The memory of the great hunger of 1921 has not yet faded, when millions died of starvation in the Volga. I was told that it was true that the peasants there ate one of the organizing officers of the American Relief Association. Only the hat and stick were found of this martyr to duty, who carried out the theory of personal service to its logical conclusion *in corpore vili*.

The western end of the Crimea is dead flat. On the morning of the third day we ran into Eupatoria. The town was fringed with the ruins of houses, a relic of Wrangel's last attempt to save his country. Eupatoria

is of the east : the manner of life, the natives, the flowers, the fruit, the food, the colouring, the climate, all is of the orient. Here we drank coffee instead of tea. A man in a fez selling roses and carnations spoke Turkish to me. He said he came from Batum. My boatman, black as a Bantu down to the waist, talked Greek. The flat steppe outside the town, where the soil is so salt that nothing will grow except wormwood, recalls the plains of Azerbaidjan.

It was a happy visit, for here on the sunny waters of the Black Sea, in this little oriental town, Bolshevism did not intrude itself too much upon one's notice. It was a relief to escape from the shrieking propaganda and to forget for a while the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, because, although present, it was not rammed down one's throat. There is a decent hotel and quite passable restaurant. In my room there was the usual notice to the effect that the visitor must report to the police within three days and to the financial authorities to pay the Kurort tax. As this amounted to about ten pounds and my visit was to be a brief one, I resented the imposition and so on the third day quietly walked out of the hotel and my presence in Eupatoria ceased officially. I went round to some friends who had rooms in a house with a good-sized garden at the back. There I took up my abode under a shady fig tree, where I spent ten more delightful days without ever going indoors. Neither police nor O.G.P.U. knew I was there.

Eupatoria is famous for its baths of mud and brine. Women come here and undoubtedly receive great benefit. The fat ones come to get thin and the thin ones, like sensible women, to put on flesh. The treatment is said to be exhausting but really efficient. The water is certainly very strong. I left a piece of string in a shallow lagoon outside the town and the next morning it was caked with crystals like sugar candy. Those who did not take the treatment lay and basked in the sun all day on the splendid stretch of sand, gazing at the horizon of the

IN THE CRIMEA INCOGNITO

Black Sea. I watched it for two weeks without seeing a sail or a film of smoke.

In Russia promiscuous bathing is customary, but here at Eupatoria I found a survival of bourgeois prejudice. On the broad sands there are two small posts on the left and two more on the right, demarcating the men's area from the mixed, and the mixed from the women's area. Some form of costume is obligatory for the mixed area but none is worn outside the posts. A *militia* or policeman, sexless, I suppose, by virtue of his office, patrols the whole length. Few of the bathers get wet. The Russians are a continental nation and swimmers rare among them, so they lie all day basking in the sun in a competition to see who could get the blackest complexion.

The road at the back would have been thronged in England, but here it was deserted. There was no one left to pry, it seemed, for the whole population of Eupatoria was basking there. Every now and then a couple of men would walk by, the skin of their backs hanging in festoons, the price willingly paid for the sunburn.

I met several acquaintances from Moscow and we made a cheerful party, lying on the sands all day, every now and then going in to get wet and coming out again to dry. We were lying near the right hand posts, when the wife of one of my friends stood up.

"I am going to the women's side," she said, walked a couple of yards to the right, and took off her costume. I must say she had a very neat figure.

It never entered the heads of anyone to stare at so natural a sight. I cannot say that it was an attractive panorama. The charm of the nude varies inversely with the mass, and of the latter there was plenty. And just as one righteous man could not save Sodom, so one fairy form could not redeem the mountains of adipose tissue undulating across that beach.

The most surprising thing in the Crimea was the emancipation of the Tartar women, whom I was

accustomed to see carefully veiled, or at least, on seeing a stranger and unbeliever approach, discreetly turn their heads, or hold a corner of their skirt before their face, though more from coquetry than faith, I'll be bound. But here they threw aside all restraint. As I was strolling one afternoon along the flats by the salt lagoon, I found a stone, the only eminence on the coast, on which I sat to smoke and meditate. Presently there came by a group of Tartar women, representing three generations. For them I was just such a stone as my seat, and they ignored my existence. Thirty or forty yards beyond me they stopped, stripped and waded knee-deep into the water *in statu quo*, laughing and splashing each other, having great fun and thoroughly enjoying themselves. They were happy and contented and their peals of laughter seemed to fit in with the water glistening on their sunburnt bodies. It was like a scene from the Arabian Nights. Then they strolled out on to the sand and lay down in the sun to dry themselves.

There is little left of the Golden Horde in the Crimea to-day, for here the Tartars, though they speak a Turanian tongue, are largely interbred with the descendants of the Greek, Genoese and other colonists, and you may go far before you will find a higher average of female beauty.

Afterwards I commented on the scene to my neighbour on the sands, a decent-looking fellow, the very reverse of a Communist. He chuckled.

"That's nothing," he said, "you should go to Yalta; there nobody wears anything at all."

He was surprised to find a foreigner at Eupatoria and asked my opinion on the position in Russia. I was guarded, but he laughed.

"Don't bother to be careful with me," he said, "I am not a member of the Party, nor an agent of the G.P.U."

"What are you?" I asked.

"A parasite," was the answer.

"And what do you batten on?"

"Eyelets."

"What is that?"

"Eyelets for the holes for lace-up boots and shoes."

Now as the peasant usually wears home-made shoes of bast and most Russians in towns and elsewhere wear jack boots without laces, and in winter felt *valenki*, it did not seem to me that there was much scope in eyelets, at least to give him a holiday in the Crimea.

"Don't you make any mistake," he explained. "It is the quantity that does it. Before the war there was a ship that came in with a cargo of eyelets. To-day I am the only manufacturer in the country."

"But what makes you a parasite?"

"I am an independent firm. Therefore I am a parasite in their eyes. I employ a small boy to turn the handle and therefore batten on the sweat of the toiling masses."

It would have been interesting to know how long they let him batten, and when they shot him.

This incident made me think. It explained a great deal. It accounted for the immense fortunes made by Russian merchants in the old days. Relatively to the enormous markets, merchants were few, so that a vast trade would be concentrated in few hands. However small the commodity, the scale was so huge. If you are turning out nothing but eyelets; that is good enough if you sell them in sufficient quantity. The unit for calculations in Russia has always been not a hundred, but a million. These tremendous figures startle Englishmen, who cannot realize the scale on which one has to think in Russia. Whenever I have come home to England from Russia, everything has struck me as being on a diminutive scale. A great firm of manufacturers in this country once received an order for sixteen tons of chocolates. The quantity seemed excessive and, thinking there must be some mistake, they asked my advice. I replied that sixteen tons is the approximate equivalent of a thousand poods, which is the ordinary unit of bulk, if not in Russia, at least in Siberia. In the middle reaches of the Lena the

miners, their families and officials must be supplied with everything from the outside, as the district is non-productive, too poor to support anything but a handful of Yakut trappers and hunters. Consequently, during the five months of the year when the river is open to steamboat and barge traffic, food and supplies are rushed in for the needs of the entire population of something over twenty thousand souls for twelve months. I was able, therefore, to inform the firm that the sixteen tons, so far from being a mistake, was in fact a trial order.

It is clear, therefore, that in such a country there can be no such thing as exaggeration, but at the same time the scale of everything is so much greater than in our little island that what is normal there appears to the Briton grotesque. It is this difference of scale which makes all news from Russia seem so inherently improbable that it is generally received with scepticism in this country, and heavily discounted, which is perhaps the greatest difficulty that those who endeavour to tell the truth have to face.

I have often been asked to make some prophecy about the future in Russia. No one but a fool would attempt it. There is, however, one golden rule, that in Russia the only thing that happens is the impossible.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE world is still under the shadow of the loss it has sustained in the death of the late King of the Belgians. Alone among the prominent figures of the war he grew in stature after its conclusion, and not one of the innumerable "revelations" which have been made concerning that period has caused us to modify the opinion we formed of King Albert in August, 1914. The task of rebuilding his shattered country after the Armistice was not an easy one, and a lesser statesman would have wrecked the Belgian ship of State upon the rocks of racial bitterness. The very existence of Belgium to-day as an independent nation is due to its Royal Family, which has ensured that continuity which the monarchical form of government alone can provide.

It is no mere coincidence that the monarchical States are to-day far more peaceful than the republics, and the career of King Albert supplies the reason. He stood for the national interest above the strife of parties, and his reward has been the love of his people and the prosperity of his country. King Leopold III has given every indication that he will be a worthy successor of the three monarchs who have preceded him, and who have made Belgium. The Coburgs, unlike the Stuarts, mature late, but the new King is thirty-two, and his father never made the mistake of keeping him in ignorance where politics were concerned. King Leopold is also lucky in ascending the throne at a time when political democracy is at a very heavy discount.

The Position of the Habsburgs

IN these circumstances it is not unnatural that the death of King Albert should have provoked in many quarters reflections eminently favourable to the monarchist cause, and the chances of a Habsburg restoration, in particular, were never so bright as they

are to-day. In this connection there is much misapprehension even among those who should know better. There is no legal bar to the return of the Archduke Otto to Vienna, but in the case of Budapest the previous consent of Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium is necessary. There is also a resolution of the Hungarian Parliament excluding the Habsburgs from the throne, but another vote would set this aside.

The French Government is favourable to a restoration, at any rate in Vienna, as the one means of preventing the absorption of Austria into Germany, and Great Britain would certainly recognize such an event provided it were not effected by force. The deciding factor will be Italy, and although the revival of the Dual Monarchy would guard the Italian flank (as well as reviving Trieste and Fiume) it is not easy for Signor Mussolini to persuade his fellow-countrymen that salvation lies in the revival of a dynasty and an empire whom every school-book holds up to execration. That is the crux of the problem, for the threats of the Little Entente are mere bluff.

The Austrian Situation

MR. ERNEST REMNANT writes from Vienna :—
 " Socialist, Liberal and German propaganda has depicted the benevolent Chancellor Dollfuss as a ruthless tyrant who had out-Hitlered Hitler, and Major Fey as a bloodthirsty bully, compared with whom General Göring is a meek example of Christian charity. Why? Because they had the courage to nip in the bud a civil war which would have ruined their country even had they been ultimately victorious; or, in the alternative, have left it under the heel of Bolshevist revolutionaries, inevitably and quickly, after more bloodshed, to be ousted by Nazis. Since the war, Vienna had been helplessly in the grip of Socialist rule, while the provinces, apart from a few towns like Linz, with a large industrial population, remained strongly anti-Socialist. The Vienna

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

municipality became a veritable *imperium in imperio*. It imposed penal taxation on the trading and middle classes to provide funds for its social services, including the erection of the much lauded communal dwellings, to which only well-authenticated Socialists were admitted, at nominal rents.

"The financial crisis was precipitated by the compulsory allocation of all house property, not actually in occupation of the owner, at ridiculously low rents insufficient to pay for the structural maintenance still obligatory on him. An owner of, perhaps, several houses returning to Vienna could not dispossess any of the tenants so installed in his property, and was often unable, therefore, to get either accommodation or any net revenue whatever. The sale or hypothecation of house property became impossible, and existing mortgages irrecoverable. The Socialists, conscious, no doubt, of the growing hostility their measures were creating, decided to dig themselves in. The famous communal dwellings, massive blocks of workmen's flats, were erected like fortresses to command all the main approaches to, or exits from, the city."

The Facts

"COLUMNS of nonsense have been printed about the destruction of the communal dwellings by shell fire. The only guns available were incapable of destroying these massive buildings. Of 1,318 tenements in the Karl Marx Hof, only eight need repair. Of the 3,928 tenements in all six blocks, only 65 were damaged. The total loss of life, on both sides, as far as can be ascertained, was 297, and injured 802.

"Sentimentalists who confuse the character of the Vienna Reds with our comparatively mild type of Parliamentary Socialist must be reminded that they were organized, armed, and determined to seize power by force. One of their leaders, fortunately caught and hanged, was the notorious scoundrel Koloman Wallisch,

associate of Bela Kuhn, evil spirit of the Budapest Bolshevik nightmare just after the war.

"A more sinister question is the report received in London that Czecho-Slovakian arms have been supplied to the Socialists from Bratislava. The extent and precise sources of the support which the Socialist revolt in Austria is alleged to have received from across the border of Czecho-Slovakia, a country whose representatives have played such a prominent part in the League Councils, demand the closest scrutiny of the League."

Mr. Remnant further believes, like every other well-informed observer, that the salvation of Austria lies in the restoration of the Habsburgs, and it is interesting to note that the numerous tenants of the Hofburg have received notice to quit by August 1.

French Politics

THE political situation in France remains under the influence of the Stavisky scandal, and every café in Paris is buzzing with rumours as to the names which have been found on the counterfoils of the cheques. Even the *Père Eternel* himself has not escaped suspicion, though the wits of the *boulevards* aver that in this case there will be no prosecution since Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has offered £100,000 for the incriminating document, which is to be placed in the British Museum beside the Codex Sinaiticus.

There is hardly a prominent politician in the land, including one or two members of M. Doumergue's administration, whose arrest for complicity in the *affaire* is not freely predicted, and there is a feeling of insecurity, particularly in Paris, for a parallel to which one would have to go back to the days of the Terror. Rumour even says that Stavisky was the means by which German money corrupted the leaders of France, and both a former Foreign Minister and a leading Paris newspaper are freely mentioned in this connection. In short, the nerves of the country are on edge over a scandal which

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

combines the worst features of the Panama, Dreyfus, and *Bonnet Rouge affaires*. For an Englishman to gauge the position accurately he must think himself back in the days of Titus Oates and the Popish Plot.

The Next Step

IN these circumstances it is not surprising that there should be much talk of Fascist activities, and the *Croix de Feu* is arousing the fears of the Left. This organization is strong in the army and among the ex-service men, and was undoubtedly responsible for the demonstrations that brought the Daladier government down. Its aims are by no means clear, but it is significant that there are prominent Royalists among its leaders. The story that the Duc de Guise is ready to resign his rights to the young Comte de Paris may also originate in this quarter, while during the last two or three weeks the name of the Prince Napoleon has been mentioned seriously for the first time.

In effect, France is in a state when anything may happen. No one, outside the Grand Orient, has ever really liked the Third Republic, but it was accepted by the ordinary Frenchman as the least of several evils. Now he is not so sure, as he hears of murdered judges, and of financiers who commit "suicide" at the moment most convenient for those who were in their pockets. The present Government is not expected to last long, but it is impossible to tell what may succeed it. France is looking for a master; that is the position in a sentence. How impatient Napoleon III and the Comte de Morny must be that they are in the Elysian Fields, and not on the banks of the Seine.

An American Letter

A FRIEND writes from America :—

"My general impression seems to be that although many of the individual measures of the NRA are open

to criticism and are being, indeed, severely criticized, there is great enthusiasm for Roosevelt as a man, and his policy may be pushed through to success for that very reason. Nearly everybody trusts him on account of his sincerity and honesty, and that, of course, is an immense asset. It is difficult to say as yet whether recovery is on the way on this side. In Canada it seems to be undoubtedly the case. In the United States there are now signs of improvement, but most of the men taken back to work are working for the Civil Works Administration and are performing labour which does not seem to be really necessary, and in any case is not calculated to increase the wealth of the country, as is the land reclamation work now being carried on in Italy. When the appropriation of the Civil Works Administration comes to an end, there may be a recrudescence of the unemployed, and their numbers are even now a higher percentage in this country than in any European one."

The Russian Trade Agreement

APART altogether from the wider question whether it is advisable to enter into commercial relations with a Power so notoriously dishonest as Soviet Russia, there are several aspects of the proposed trade agreement with that country that call for comment. The most important is the delay of three months which must ensue after it has been denounced before the agreement comes to an end. There was much to be said for an interval of this length in the past when communications were bad, and trade was in private hands. To-day the denunciation of such a treaty would merely be a signal for three months' intensive dumping.

Commercial agreements with other countries, notably France, are also pending, and the Russian treaty may well be cited as a precedent, with the most calamitous consequences. Russia is far away, and the amount of dumping which she could effect in three months is as

nothing to what the French could do in an equal period. The same applies to the United States, whose competition will in any event be formidable enough when President Roosevelt has completed his plans for the reorganization of industry and the devaluation of the dollar.

Surely a way out of this difficulty could be found by importing goods only under licence during the interval between the denunciation of an agreement and its expiration? This would prevent any hardship being caused to those who had made genuine business arrangements before the date of denunciation, and it would enable the Government to stop dumping.

The Soviet Broadcasts

ON March 2 a talk was broadcast from Moscow in English which was deliberately calculated to embitter Anglo-Italian relations. Attention was called to the position in Malta, upon which it was stated that Italy had serious designs, which she might be expected to put into execution at any moment. It is unnecessary to stress the danger of propaganda of this nature, and it would be interesting to know what arrangements are made by the Foreign Office for listening in to such broadcasts. Three times a week talks of this nature are given by Moscow in English, and they are invariably of an inflammatory nature.

The obvious remedy is to secure an international agreement to the effect that broadcasts shall only be given in the language of the country where they take place, and that any nation violating this arrangement shall have its wireless jammed by the rest of the world. This would not seriously incommode any respectable station, for the broadcasting of operas in a foreign language could be excepted, but it would enable a stop to be put to a state of affairs carefully designed to stir up trouble. A democratic Government may disclaim responsibility for what is said in the Press, but the State is

supreme in Russia, and what comes over the Moscow wireless is as official as if it were uttered by Stalin himself.

The Far East

THE new Emperor of Manchukuo has met with very scurvy treatment at the hands of the British Press, presumably for no other reason than that his accession to the throne means that another monarchy has come into existence. The fact that the Japanese, to whose interest it is that law and order should prevail in the Far East, have given every encouragement to the foundation of a monarchical regime is surely sufficient evidence that the latter is likely to have this effect, which cannot but be desired by the rest of the world.

Republican China has been a curse to its unfortunate inhabitants, and to every foreigner with whom it has come into contact. Manchukuo has now been rescued from its misrule, and there is reason to hope that ere long some of the other provinces will prefer Manchu government to their present anarchy. Indeed, it is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility that the accession of the Emperor Pu Yi may prove to be a turning-point in the history of the Far East, and therefore it is an event to be hailed with satisfaction by all honest men.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (*Author of "Farmer's Glory"*)

February 15th.

STILL the East wind is in charge of affairs and with the sun to help him he is making the countryside drier and drier. Winter corn is suffering in consequence and to-day rollers were busy on neighbouring farms as well as my own. Nowadays I do my rolling with a tractor and although the sight of its wheelmarks offends my eye I know that where the tractor wheels go the crop will be improved rather than harmed. Now that hurdled sheep have almost disappeared from our Wiltshire hills this fact is most noticeable. We all know that their absence means a loss of fertility, but I do not think we all appreciate what a lot of good their feet did in consolidating our light soil. If rain does not come soon it looks as if some wheat fields will lose plant considerably and heavy rolling is the only possible way to save the crop.

February 16th.

To-day, after giving a lecture in support of a livestock policy for our farming industry I was asked what would happen to the light land in Blankshire if the nation made the obvious choice between developing animal husbandry or grain-growing in favour of the former. People always ask this question in some form or another and get very annoyed when you tell them that the object of our farming policy should be to benefit our farming industry as a whole and not to legislate for one small district. We have done far too much of this sort of thing in the past with the result that the greater part of our farming has been sacrificed for a small piece. Personally, having a mercenary mind, I can never get away from the money argument. Our farmers' livestock and livestock produce sales bring in about twelve times the amount of their grain sales. Thank Heaven that at long last our

legislators seem to be taking the old father's advice to his son in connection with their farming policy. "Don't marry for money, my boy, but love where there is a little." Let us hope that the charms of grain-growing will never entice them away from the sterling worth of animal husbandry.

February 19th.

The Pig Board seems to have settled some of its immediate domestic troubles and it is to be hoped will now go full steam ahead. I hope that soon we shall see a closer relationship between the Pig Board and the Milk Board, for the bugbear of the latter is surplus milk and one of the greatest assets in bacon production is skim milk, etc. Surely somehow or other it should be both possible and practicable for the bacon producer to obtain his necessary requirements of the existing cheap surplus milk. Quotas and tariffs and subsidies can do much to help farming, but our large consuming population of townspeople will only agree to so much of these. The only thing which can keep out imported food for any appreciable length of time is the home production of a better quality article at an attractive price and, in connection with bacon, cheap milk or the by-products from its manufacture is the only thing which can accomplish this.

February 20th.

A neighbour told me to-day that as his flock had almost finished lambing he told his shepherd that there was no need for him to spend all night at the lambing-pen. The shepherd replied, "The six weeks bain't up eet, zur, an' I allus reckons to bide up six weeks, an' I bain't gwaine to alter." Like all stockmen the welfare of his charges comes before his own comfort and any question of hours and wages. Lambing-time is practically the only department of farming activity which the machine cannot invade, and to-day the shepherd carries out his

A COUNTRYMAN'S DIARY

nightly vigil for six long weeks in much the same fashion as his ancestors did, and he appears to be just as happy as most of us. By contrast with Piccadilly Circus at midnight, with its noise, bright lights, and pleasure-seeking crowd, the Wiltshire shepherd has his sheep for interest, the manifold noises of the countryside at night for company, and the downs above the fold to keep watch and ward over all. Who can say that he has not chosen the better part even in 1934?

February 23rd.

To-day the papers announce that, in order to put a bottom to the market, the Minister of Agriculture has decided to guarantee the Milk Marketing Board for a period of two years from April 1st next a minimum price of 5d. per gallon in the summer and 6d. per gallon in the winter for milk manufactured in factories in Great Britain. Undoubtedly, this will do much to help the Milk Board over some of their troubles in connection with milk surplus to liquid requirements, but still every effort should be made to enable the bacon producer to have access to this milk at the ruling market price.

February 26th.

Now that the pig producers of this country have the chance to develop their industry to its fullest capacity it is to be hoped that they will take it. I have heard some few grouses that the contract period of ten months is too long, and that it is impossible for any farmer to forecast his pig production for so far ahead. It may be a trifle difficult to do this and to carry out one's forecast, but it must be a very satisfactory thing to know that one's produce over such a period will be sold for certain at a fair price. A contrast between two parties cannot operate only in favour of one of them, and it is obvious that unless bacon factory owners can depend on stated quantities of raw material they cannot produce either cheaply or efficiently. One good effect of the Pig Scheme is already

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

apparent; the English bacon on offer in our shops is for the first time for many years comparable in leanness of cut and superior in flavour to imported. The more stringent the Pig Board is with regard to too fat or too heavy pigs the better. Education through the medium of one's pocket is always an efficient method.

March 1st.

A friend has been telling me of the great increase of flower and bulb growing in Lincolnshire and other parts of East Anglia. Much of this is glass-house production which uses a considerable amount of fuel and employs a lot of labour. There seems little doubt that the tariff on this type of produce has stimulated this increased production. The land remains the same, but as the needs of the people change so must our farming industry. In a most charming book, "The Countryman's Jewel," edited by Marcus Woodward, and published by Chapman & Hall, I came across an old proverb which puts this admirably. "We must learne the maners of our auncient predecesseurs, and practise according to the present age."

March 2nd.

Dull and cold first thing this morning, and about eleven o'clock it tried to rain. Apparently Nature has forgotten the way, for the rain did not come to much. Still, it was nice to know that rain is possible.

March 5th.

From the holiday-maker's point of view we have had a lovely spring-like week-end, but the countryside looks very brown and barren, and hayricks are shrinking rapidly. Still, one man's meat, etc., for those farmers who have a plenteous supply of old hay which has been almost unsaleable for two years will now be able to sell at a good price. Incidentally, it looks as though I shall be one of the unfortunate buyers as my farm is heavily

A COUNTRYMAN'S DIARY

stocked with cattle. However, I have not been forced to buy any hay for more than ten years, so on the average it will not work out too badly even if I have to pay through the nose for some this spring.

March 6th.

Rain at last and a good rain, too. As a result there were a lot of cheerful farmers in Salisbury market to-day. After all, our English weather is much more our friend than our enemy. A good farmer can deal with the weather all right; it is when both world economic conditions and the weather are against him that he fights a losing battle.

March 7th.

Once again I must make a note that the middle-man is not so bad as he is painted. A town friend blew off a lot of steam to me to-day in connection with the iniquitous charge of 7d. per quart for milk in many of our large towns. He pointed out that the over-lapping of the present system of retailing was most expensive. "Ten carts up one street," he said. "Why even the Post-Office doesn't send ten postmen up the same street. Milk distribution should be nationalized on Post-Office lines." By way of answer to these criticisms I compared the two systems. To-day the profiteering middle-man system buys milk in Wiltshire, say, transports it to London, pasteurizes it, bottles it in a sterile bottle, delivers it, takes away yesterday's empty bottle, books the charge, and waits for the money. In the case of a half-pint bottle the total charge is 1½d. If I post a letter in Wilts addressed to someone in London, I have to pay cash before the P.O. begins work, and they charge me 1½d. for simply delivering the letter and supplying nothing. A profiteering middle-man would at least supply me with paper and envelopes for this charge. Anyway it looks as though a State service of distribution of milk would have to work much more efficiently than

the P.O. in order to beat the present system of delivery. Also, it should be remembered that for the six summer months of the year the charge for the half-pint bottle of milk will be only $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, exactly the same figure as our letter post.

March 8th.

Bought half a hay-rick from one of my neighbours this evening. Another neighbour wanted the other half, so when the three of us had agreed the price for the rick, the owner left the two purchasers to divide as they thought fit. We did so on that ancient plan of one making the division and the other choosing his portion. I do not think there is any better method.

March 12th.

A decidedly wet week-end, and there is no doubt about the drought being broken at last. Long may this wet continue. Already the countryside looks greener. I passed a man thatching a barn to-day, and the new thatch looked such a bright gold against the dull sky and the blue-black tarred road. I should imagine that thatch made from the wheat straw of last harvest would last much longer than any made during the previous year or two, for it was harvested without a spot of rain. Still thatch is disappearing rapidly from our rural districts and will continue to do so, I fear.

March 14th.

Still it rains, thank goodness, and unless it pours all day to-morrow I shall go to the point-to-point meeting of one of our local hunts. The recent rains will have made the going much better, although previous form will be upset in consequence. The finest tip ever given, I should imagine, I once received from a friend at one of these meetings some years ago. Asked as to his chances in the farmers' race, he said, "I can fall three times and win by two fields." And, barring the falling, he did just that.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

C O N T E N T S

Literary Notes

An Art Critic at the Crossroads

Heine

Hosannas

Lawrence of Arabia

The National Character

Creevey

Buchmanism

Memoirs of War

Books Recommended.

By Herbert Agar

By R. H. Wilenski

By Hugh Kingsmill

By Eleanor C. Chilton

By J. F. C. Fuller

By Francis Toye

By Osbert Burdett

By Wynyard Browne

By Eric Partridge

Literary Notes

The Breakdown of Puritanism

"THE LIFE OF EMERSON," by Van Wyck Brooks (Dent, 10s. 6d.), is worth reading because of the ideas it suggests about modern American life. The book is rambling, and unconvincing in its steady attempt at cleverness. And, as it gives no consecutive account of Emerson's life, it is bound to be confusing to anyone who does not know the period. Nevertheless, it does give a clear picture of Emerson's mind, and of the influences which formed that mind.

Emerson represents the breakdown of American Puritanism. As is usually the case with the breakdown of any tradition, the best minds in the first generation show the good effects of the new freedom; the bad effects only become obvious later. "If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide,

the huge world will come round to him." This is the heart of Emerson's doctrine. For an individual man of fine mind and character it is a tenable doctrine; for a society it is a doctrine which will lead to anarchy. The group of New England writers of whom Emerson was the leader taught this doctrine to the United States in the years before the Civil War. It was the nearest approach to a social creed, throughout the North and the new West, to take the place of the declining creed of Puritanism. The form of anarchy to which it led is well known: the anarchy of big business. Planting themselves indomitably on their instincts, the new rulers of America found that their strongest instinct was that of cupidity, and in the generation following the Civil War the country became the prey of money-pirates.

This is not the thesis of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' book, which is confined to a sympathetic interpretation of Emerson's thought, illustrated by occasional anecdotes about his life. But it is the larger implications of that thought which make the book of interest in England.

The Breakdown of Money

THE economic development of the United States, in the years when religion was declining and industrialism was booming, has its parallel elsewhere. The principles of political economy which were accepted in England in the nineteenth century would not have been tolerated by a society which genuinely accepted any principles other than economic. When Ricardo wrote, "The natural price of labour is that price which is necessary to enable the labourers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race without either increase or diminution," he was announcing a principle which ought to have condemned the whole political economy on which it was based. Instead, the principle was accepted as a final and scientific excuse for the most villainous conditions of life. Ricardo himself pointed out that wages were likely, very often, to fall below the subsistence level, but he

LITERARY NOTES

comforted the working-men by adding that this condition would correct itself "after their privations had decreased their number." It is the system based on such so-called principles that is in its decline to-day. The great issue is whether it is to be supplanted by a system of genuine conservative, or of genuine radical, principles. Those who hope for a conservative solution must dissociate Conservatism from a defence of the present financial anarchy.

Finance capitalism as it exists to-day has nothing to do with true Conservatism, which is based upon the doctrine of private property and responsibility. The old-fashioned defence of private property was that the community is best served when each man pursues his private profit. No such defence is applicable to the system that exists to-day. As Mr. Stuart Chase has recently written, "Finance capital thus bisects the heart of capitalism—a point the Marxists have never properly assimilated. The owner—popularly known as the investor—is exploited by the control (i.e. the manipulators of finance capital) only to a less degree than worker and consumer are exploited. In case after case . . . the control achieves its end by deliberately wrecking the company . . . Private profit for the group of 2,000 men who direct corporate property (in the United States) is frequently best served by wrecking the corporation, and is always best served by a

FORTY YEARS ONWARD

The British Home and Hospital for Incurables (established 73 years) celebrates this year its fortieth birthday at Streatham. Would you care to commemorate by a small donation for every year of its good work there? Donations gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 73 Cheapside, E.C.2

maximum of disruption resulting in shifting valuations on the Stock Exchange. It is not to be understood that the control is *always* ruthless in respect to the interests of stock-holders and the public. Sometimes it is very polite; but when it is polite, it is acting against its own best (profitable) interests." In so far as Conservatives defend this system they are helping destroy the institution of private property and are preparing the way for one form or another of the slave-state.

Two of this month's books (both written by Conservatives) help to make this issue clear: "Promise to Pay," by R. McNair Wilson (Routledge, 3s. 6d.), and "The Breakdown of Money," by Christopher Hollis (Sheed and Ward, 4s. 6d.). Dr. McNair Wilson's book is an attempt to make the working of our present banking system so clear "that its principles may be grasped easily by anyone above the age of sixteen years." This is a useful effort, for it is astonishing how few people really know how our money system works. Dr. Wilson is perfectly clear and perfectly accurate; but his book has two faults. In the first place, he simplifies the subject so successfully that although the book will certainly be understood, page by page, by any reader, there is the danger that it may leave very little residue behind it. This is a danger which besets all the modern outlines and simplifications of knowledge. If readers use their imagination on Dr. McNair Wilson's book, re-thinking it in their own terms as they go along, they will be left with an understanding of our banking system; but if they accept it too easily and think it is all as simple as it sounds they will be left with nothing but a delusion that they understand our banking system. The second fault of the book is that Dr. Wilson gets too angry with the bankers. He gives the impression that they plotted to get society into their clutches and that they are now plotting to keep it there. The whole process is much less conscious than this. Bankers are the beneficiaries of a system which no man planned in advance. Our present money system is

LITERARY NOTES

a typical British improvisation. It grew up in the nineteenth century because no man had sense enough to plan a better system. It must now be altered because it is endangering the most important institutions of our society. The first step in altering it is to understand it, and Dr. Wilson's book is an admirable aid towards this end.

Mr. Christopher Hollis's "The Breakdown of Money" covers a wider field than "Promise to Pay." The sub-title is "An Historical Explanation," and the book fully justifies this claim. It begins with a beautifully lucid exposition of nineteenth century economics. Everybody recognizes the importance, in that economics, of the doctrine of the free import of goods; Mr. Hollis emphasizes the even greater importance of the doctrine of the free export of capital. This is not only an essential part of laissez-faire, but it is the foundation of the modern banking system as described by Dr. Wilson. That system cannot be reformed, and laissez-faire cannot give way to a true economic nationalism, so long as the world is avowedly trying to restore the system of the free export of capital. Mr. Hollis does a great service by calling attention to all the disastrous results of the policy of allowing money to "find its own level."

Mr. Hollis does not give way to the hatred of bankers which obsesses so many money-heretics. He traces the growth of our modern money-system from its foundation in 1694, when William III. conferred the right to issue notes on "the Governor and Company of the Bank of England," to the Bank Acts of 1819 and 1844, which really completed the system. "It is not too much to say," writes Mr. Hollis, "that by the two Acts of 1819 and 1844 the Government was removed two degrees from sovereignty. The Act of 1819 rendered the Government impotent against the banks; the Act of 1844 rendered the banks impotent against the acceptance houses, or, to put what is essentially the same point in different language, the joint-stock banks impotent against the Bank of England."

Both Mr. Hollis and Dr. Wilson agree that the first essential reform is that the Government should recover its sovereignty in this respect. The many good results of such recovery are touched on by Dr. Wilson and are developed at greater length by Mr. Hollis. These two books can be strongly recommended to all Conservatives who wish to understand the financial reforms which must precede any true Conservative recovery. The present regime is leading rapidly to the final destruction of the institution of private property. Conservatives who doubt this should expose their doubts to the facts presented in "The Breakdown of Money."

An Art Critic at the Crossroads*

By R. H. Wilenski

WHAT is art criticism? What makes it valuable? How does it differ from art history? These questions and many others attacked me as I read "Stones of Rimini" by Mr. Adrian Stokes.

For Mr. Stokes belongs to the school of art critics who indulge in emotive writing and fanciful reconstructions of dead men's attitudes to life and art. In this book (which follows his earlier book, "The Quattro Cento") he is concerned with the exterior and interior dressing-up of the Gothic Church of St. Francis at Rimini by Alberti and de' Pasti and Agostino di Duccio, at the bidding of Sigismondo Malatesta, from approximately 1446 to approximately 1461. But he is not concerned with the history of these Renaissance additions (his book adds nothing to the data collected by Yriarte and Ricci); he is concerned to give a verbal equivalent of his experience of the Tempio sculpture, and where that experience was imaginative to present the reader with his imaginative flights. The book is thus obviously not art history. Is it art criticism? And, if so, is it art

* "Stones of Rimini." By Adrian Stokes. (Faber & Faber, 1934.)

AN ART CRITIC

criticism of a valuable kind? In my judgment, in so far as it consists of fanciful reconstructions of Mediterranean attitudes of five hundred years ago and of attempts to give effective verbal equivalents for affective qualities in Agostino's sculpture, it is not art criticism, but emotive literary art; and as such I pass it to those to whom emotive literature appeals.

But only two thirds of "Stones of Rimini" consists of this emotive and unsubstantial stuff. There is a third third consisting of scattered passages and some fifty full-page illustrations which seems to me more useful, more interesting, and properly described as art criticism.

In this scattered section Mr. Stokes defines the character of the sculpture which—for his working purposes—he labels "Quattro Cento":—

"Wherever you find relief forms, be they ornament or figure, arabesque or swag, wherever you find these shapes, whatever their position, turning to show to you their maximum, like flowers that thrust and open their faces to the sun, wherever that is the salient point about them, then that sculpture is Quattro Cento as I define it. Decorations sculpted with that feeling will never look stuck on. For hand in hand with vertical perspective goes horizontal perspective, the flattening that means gradual and rounded shapes that issue from the block . . . You say it is like painting. This, as criticism, means nothing to me. For I can here see and touch all the values I love in stone. Painting is an offshoot of such carving."

He regards these "Quattro Cento" characters as essentially "carved" characters distinguishable from "plastic" characters in sculpture. And these "carved" characters he finds in Agostino's reliefs in the Tempio chapels, and, less softened, in some Egyptian reliefs, and again in certain aspects of studio creation of our own day.

By "Quattro Cento" art Mr. Stokes thus means not a period of art but a type of sculptural production which, he tells us, is now finally disappearing from the Western world:—

"To-day, and not before, do we commence to emerge from the Stone Age: that is to say, for the first time on so vast a

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

scale throughout Europe does hewn stone give place to plastic materials . . . The use in building of quarried stone must . . . increasingly diminish . . . In the work of men, manufacture, the process of fashioning or moulding supersedes, wherever it is possible, the process of enhancing or carving material, the process that imitates those gradual forces that vivify and destroy Nature before our eyes . . . Modern building materials are essentially plastic . . . Everywhere the slower carving processes are superseded . . . Synthetic materials take the place of age-old products in which fantasy is deposited . . . Stone architecture is prolonged but a moment by synthetic stone . . . To-day stone architecture is dying . . . The strength of such modern painting as is truly contemporary is founded upon a reaction from modelling values in favour of carving values . . . Should the growth of plasticity, of manufacture, in labour and in art, overpower carving activities altogether, there is then no future for visual art as hitherto conceived by the European races . . . We emerge from the Stone Age, and perhaps the very perception of stone manifest in this book, rather than any argument adduced, proves this to be so. For what is dead or dying is more simply an object, and therefore easier to apprehend, than what is inextricably bound up with the very flow of life. Nothing in writing is easier than to raise the dead."

I have here run several passages together to give what I take to be their connected significance which seems to me both interesting and important. For what is the position thus set down by Mr. Stokes? It is simply that at the very moment when what he regards as the essential art of stone carving has been rediscovered after a long period of preference for plastic sculpture—at this very moment architecture has finally emerged from the forms in which stone carving of this kind is required or possible. The swan song of the art can now be heard, he tells us, in a few studios where sculptors carve in the modern—or, as he terms it, the "contemporary"—spirit and where some painters (Ben Nicholson, for example) "disdain the moulding properties of oil-paint" and "prefer to polish and scratch their canvases like the carver his stone." But this swan song is merely a gesture, the epilogue of a form of art which is dying, if not dead.

AN ART CRITIC

I am far from certain that this is true. But if it be true, if in this Age of Steel and Glass and Plywood and Concrete there is in fact no future for the carver of quarried stone—why should we shed a tear? In this Age of the Internal Combustion Engine there is no future for the horse-drawn carriage or the Sedan chair; but no students of transport assault our emotions by affective descriptions of nineteenth-century broughams and eighteenth-century Sedan chairs; no transport-critic tells us that transport itself is dead because one form of transport has been superseded by another. If it be a fact, which I doubt, that stone carving as an art is obsolete, it does not follow that the sculptor's art is dead. "*La Sculpture est morte*" wails Mr. Stokes in an elegant funeral oration; and while he wails the town crier on the market-place shouts "*La Sculpture est morte; Vive la Sculpture,*" and calls for homage to the new King.

The valuable art critic, as I see things, can take his place by the town crier and face the major problem—the empathic and intellectual apprehension of the creative art of living men, the art which is indeed "inextricably bound up with the very flow of life," the art which accepts new materials, new processes and new conditions and uses them for the creation of new art. Mr. Stokes has not yet faced that major problem of sculptural art. He still prefers to indulge in fanciful reconstructions of the problems of Mediterranean sculptors who died five hundred years ago—a process which he describes euphemistically as raising the dead. Will he continue thus to be a victim of the Past? He has gifts and graces, the power to achieve empathic contact with works of art, and he knows that art is not a fixed definable procedure, but an activity continually changing its character as cultures change. "So far as this book," he writes, "has any wider aim than to interpret the Tempio reliefs it is as a symptom of altered culture." Will his next book deal with this altered culture? Will it face the sculptural

problems of our steel and plywood and concrete age? Or will Mr. Stokes take the line of least resistance and remain a victim of the Past and linger in the soft delusion that "nothing in writing is easier than to raise the dead?" I wonder. Will his next book be entitled "Sculpture in Ferro-Concrete" or "The Gentle Ambling of Sedan Chairs?"

Heine

HEINRICH HEINE: A LIFE BETWEEN PAST AND FUTURE. By L. MARCUSE. Translated from the German by L. MARIE SIEVEKING and IAN F. D. MORROW. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 12s. 6d.)

THE publishers state on the jacket of this book that "it concerns itself with more than the life of the individual whose name it bears. It gives a brilliant and arresting picture of the historical background. Great figures move across its pages—Napoleon—Metternich—Saint-Simon—Rothschild . . ."

It is a pity that these great figures don't move a little more quickly. More than fifty pages are given to Metternich and Saint-Simon, with Heine bobbing up four or five times to reassure the reader of the author's continued interest in his subject. Napoleon crowds Heine out of the book's opening pages, and the eternal enmity between Germany and France casts a wistful shadow over its conclusion. If Heine had had any influence on the politics of his age, or had contributed anything to the political thought of later generations, the author's historical digressions might be justified. But the interest of Heine's political dabblings is confined to the light they throw on his character. Heine's love of Napoleon sprung partly from the admiration felt by a weak nature for a forceful nature, and partly from the gratitude of a German Jew to the oppressor of his oppressors. His dislike of the anti-democratic policy of Metternich was due to his precarious position as a Jew converted to Christianity in order to conciliate the

HEINE

Prussians, but living in Paris because this act of conciliation had produced no concrete benefits. "My principles," Heine once said, "are not affected by my lack or otherwise of money, but my actions are very much." In the light of this sentence, Mr. Marcuse's praise of Heine's courage in occupying a post between the Left and the Right is unconvincing. This convenient position enabled Heine to air his principles with Karl Marx, who had an indulgent affection for him, and to pick up stock exchange tips from Rothschild, whenever Rothschild's fear of Heine's tongue outweighed the distress which a rich man feels at the blurring of a disinterested friendship with a poor man. But Mr. Marcuse often shows flashes of insight, and shortly after praising Heine's political courage says that Heine as a politician "did not act, he reacted."

This criticism might also be applied to Heine as a poet. "I'm my own master," he wrote at the age of nineteen, "and I stand alone; stand proud and lofty, and see all men small below me, dwarfed; and it pleases me." This Byronic attitude was in reaction against his practical helplessness, which caused his mother much worry and which was solved for the time being by his rich banker uncle, Salomon Heine, who gave his nephew a small job in his bank. Salomon's eldest daughter, Amalie Heine, was the centre of the youthful set which used to gather at Salomon's country house on the Elbe, and Heine, hanging about on the outskirts of this set, fell violently in love with Amalie. Amalie did not take her penniless cousin seriously, and his suffering when she rejected him was undoubtedly the deepest emotion in his life. Mr. Marcuse gives some space to this episode, and quotes the remark of the French poet, Gérard de Nerval—"Heine admitted what I had always suspected—that we both suffered from the same malady—we were both trying to drown a hopeless youthful love in song." But the clue to Heine's character given by his feeling for Amalie is not followed by Mr. Marcuse. Amalie, the beautiful daughter of a rich man, represented to Heine in his early youth

everything that he desired in life, and her rejection of him gave his self-confidence a blow from which it never recovered. His radicalism was skin-deep, for though he had some sympathy with the poor, he had far more resentment against the rich and powerful, whose glory had been embodied for him in his beautiful cousin. In his early love poems, with much self-pity and affectation, there are also gleams of real emotion, but the most intense expression of the feelings roused by Amalie occurs in some of the poems he wrote towards the close of his life, when he lay paralysed on his "mattress-grave." In one of these poems, Affrontenburg (The Castle of Insults), he goes back in memory to his uncle's country place, and cries—

Nor in that garden anywhere
 Could I find out one sheltering tree
 Where delicate tongues and brutal tongues
 Did not pursue and torture me.

In another poem he says that he is always hearing in his dream a voice which charges Amalie with the ruin of his life.

Great men are not bound like this to their first disappointments and disillusion. Heine never escaped from himself and saw his own suffering as a universal experience. In his best poetry there is always a latent sense of grievance, and in his finest humour a suggestion of paying off old scores. Even the last love of his life, for a girl whom he called La Mouche, did not take him out of himself. La Mouche, a young girl with a taste for poets, used to visit the dying poet and read to him, somewhat to the annoyance of his stout and unintellectual French wife, who however does not seem to have had much real feeling for her husband. Mr. Marcuse says that La Mouche loved Heine with "passionate renunciation." What she renounced is not clear, since Heine was paralysed and almost incapable of movement. His last poem was written to her. She appears in it not as a human being but as a symbol of unattained and unattain-

HEINE

able happiness, a flower bending over a coffin in which lay "a dead man with gentle suffering features." One sees in this phrase, beautiful though it is, the self-pity which debased Heine's genius and is already disintegrating a fame that once seemed indestructible.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Hosannas

- PRAYER FOR THE LIVING. By BRUCE MARSHALL. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
 BRIAN WESTBY. By FORREST REID. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)
 THANK YOU, JEEVES. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.)
 THE NAKED TRUTH. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)
 THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION. By H. E. BATES. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
 FAMILY MATTERS. By ANTHONY ROLLS. (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)
 THE SPRING BEGINS. By KATHERINE DUNNING. (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.)
 LUMINOUS ISLE. By ELIOT BLISS. (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.)
 OUT OF LIFE. By MYRON BRINIG. (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.)

THE unusually optimistic title for this article was chosen when I first looked over the list of forthcoming novels and saw on it three authors who in my eyes can do no wrong—Forrest Reid, Bruce Marshall, and P. G. Wodehouse. As a matter of fact, all the novels listed above are good of their kind, and so, although my original plans went a little astray and Mr. Reid is the only one of my three favourites whom I have, technically speaking, a "right" to review, the title of the article can stand.

A problem in critical ethics is created by the fact that "Thank You, Jeeves" has not, at this, the last moment, yet arrived from the publishers; and "Prayer for the Living," a Gollancz book, was unavailable for review in these pages. Can the reviewer review a book which he has not read, although the publishers have sent it? Can he review a book which has been denied him by the publishers, but which he has bought for himself and read carefully? The answer to the first question is easy, for any admirer of Mr. Wodehouse can conscientiously recommend his latest book without

having read it, when the title tells him who the hero is and when the advertisements have announced that it is a full-length novel revolving about the complicated life of Bertie Wooster. The reviewer has only to remind his readers that the book can be bought for the ridiculous sum of seven and six, and look forward to the unusual pleasure of reading the book with the toil of writing about it behind him.

The case of "Prayer for the Living" is more complicated, but I think perhaps in this case the reviewer, by buying the book, earns the right to criticize the publisher as well as the author. Indeed, the jacket-copy makes irresistible reading. Messrs. Gollancz, with admirable restraint, have simply quoted what one of their official readers said in recommending Mr. Marshall's book for publication, the tone of the recommendation being almost as timid and diffident as if Mr. Marshall were a peculiar though promising child of twelve, rather than an established novelist who has to his credit at least one lavishly appreciated novel, "Father Malachy's Miracle." It will come as a great surprise to Mr. Marshall's many admirers that he has been discovered. They will all, I am sure, join me in hoping that his new publishers will find for him a great many new readers. As a footnote to this digression and the cream of the jest, I recommend a careful reading of the last sentence of Mr. Marshall's own foreword to this novel.

"Prayer for the Living" is the story of what happens during the last three days before the summer holidays at a Public School for boys in Scotland. The time is 1915, and the war permeates the whole story without figuring directly in any of its events. Tired Tim, the Headmaster who is so religious and yet finds it so hard to believe in religion, is the central character, and a brilliant creation. The same exquisite irony that informed "Father Malachy's Miracle" is responsible for Tired Tim, and the contrast between his muddled, tolerant thinking and the decisive authoritarianism of his

H O S A N N A S

behaviour. "Prayer for the Living" is engrossing, it is funny, it is poignant. It is more diffuse than "Father Malachy's Miracle" and much more limited in its scope, but it is of the same quality and no intelligent person should miss it.

"Brian Westby" tells of the meeting between a father and his eighteen-year-old son, neither of whom has ever before seen the other. They become friends, and finally the boy has to choose between his father and his mother. The author of "Apostate" could not possibly write anything undistinguished, and "Brian Westby," which starts with a tempo as lazy and inconsequential as the atmosphere of the seaside resort in which the story takes place, works up to a climax in which the suspense is almost agonizing. This is not a great book, but it is moving, finely wrought, scrupulous in its values, and compact with the rare quality of inevitability.

Anyone who likes short stories should undoubtedly like "The Woman Who Had Imagination," and (I can speak with more authority here) even people who do not like short stories will probably like Pirandello's "The Naked Truth." Signor Pirandello is not popular in England, for much of his work is pure intellectual gymnastics, but these stories are simple and very powerful.

"Family Matters" is a not-very-mysterious Mystery Novel, but it is amusing and combines suspense and the gayer aspects of murder with plausibility. The three books from Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson are all well above the average novel in quality. "Luminous Isle" is sprawling and youthful but undeniably interesting. "The Spring Begins" is quiet and charming. "Out of Life" is a *tour de force*, but eloquent and honest.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

Lawrence of Arabia

T. E. LAWRENCE IN ARABIA AND AFTER. By LIDDELL HART. (Jonathan Cape. 15s. net.)

THAT T. E. Lawrence will ever be really understood I doubt. To me he has always appeared to be one of those rare, cosmic characters who, like Dionysius and Semiramis, flit across the pages of legendary history. I cannot help feeling that if he had a set purpose in life it was to become a myth, and if so he has certainly succeeded in his aim.

Captain Liddell Hart has made the best of a difficult task. To the world he describes in a penetrating study what he believes Lawrence really to be. And after reading his book I am even more convinced that my myth theory is not altogether wrong. He places his hero among the great World Fools, those supreme men who come and go and whose wisdom is folly to their age. He is "elusive," "the individual among yet apart from the herd," "impish," "medieval," "the spirit of liberty," yet also the jester of to-day and the prophet of to-morrow. To all this the reader will agree or disagree according to whether the little of Lawrence within him tones with the little of Lawrence in Liddell Hart. Only when this historian gets down to his hero's generalship does doubt slip into certitude and disagreement into conviction.

Lawrence was a supremely able soldier and for three reasons: He had studied the philosophical and metaphysical sides of war; he possessed insight into the hearts of men, and last and not least opportunity fitted his genius like a glove. Like Captain Cohegrue of Balzac's "Droll Stories," he saw that the whole art of war consists in "giving blows without receiving them" (*donner des horions sans en recevoir, ce qui est et sera toujours le seul problème à résoudre en guerre*), and that unnecessary bloodshed besmirches a noble science. His "Twenty-Seven Articles" should be printed in every military manual; but they will not be, because the professional soldier lacks, as Lawrence says, "*independent* courage." What can be truer than, "Range is more to strategy than force" and "The invention of bully-beef has modified land-war more profoundly than the invention of gunpowder," once you have grasped Lawrence's secret.

Captain Liddell Hart compares him to Marlborough, personally I prefer Haroun-al-Raschid, for he can play the beggar as well as the King and the warrior in between. At one moment he is the soul of 10,000 Arabs, at another he sits folding trousers

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

in a Quartermaster's store at Wool. Indeed a strange cosmic creature, a living myth and therefore one who will create a literature. Yet concerning T. E. the soldier, I doubt whether whoever comes after L. H. will prove so penetrating a military historian.

J. F. C. FULLER.

The National Character

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER. By ARTHUR BRYANT. (Longmans, 5s. net.)

MR. BRYANT'S book is based on a series of "talks" given last year for the B.B.C. It consists of two general essays: "The English Characteristic" and "The English Culture," and seven studies of particular types: The Country Gentleman, The Parson, The Merchant, The Adventurer, and so on.

These titles show in themselves that Mr. Bryant has gone to the roots of his subject, for these were the outstanding types that made England what she is and Englishmen what they are—or were. Mr. Bryant is far too true an Englishman not to be a *laudator temporis acti*. While by no means blind to the defects of our past civilization, he is never for one moment foolish enough to be taken in by the current cant about progress. He openly laments the disappearance of much that was dignified, noble and spacious, and I suspect that he believes even more strongly than he writes that none of the changes of the last hundred years has in reality proved to be any compensation for what has been, alas! irretrievably, lost. The Englishman, he truly says, is in essence a countryman alike in traditions and tastes; he has not solved with success the problems of urbanization. Yet half England, more than half maybe, is now urbanized. It is a depressing thought.

He might have laid a little more stress, perhaps, in his study of The Adventurer type, on the piratical instincts of a certain kind of Englishman. We always like to pretend that our Empire fell into our hands without any effort on our part, like an overripe plum. It is not true. The Empire is the result of the exploits of individual Englishmen who loved adventure for its own sake and were not over-scrupulous in grabbing unconsidered trifles when the opportunity occurred. They were always in a minority, but the socialistic and bureaucratic tendencies of the present day seem likely to extinguish the type altogether. Possibly that is why we now have so much trouble with our "subject-races." As adventurers they may have been unscrupulous, but as men they were

born leaders, full of pluck and enterprise, the kind whom other men gladly follow and obey. The modern product of a Civil Service Examination seems a poor substitute for them.

Mr. Bryant, greatly daring, has ventured to tell the truth about the incompetence of the modern English housewife, whom he compares, wholly unfavourably, with her predecessors. The Englishman's home may still be his castle, but the Englishman's wife is the most inefficient and extravagant of chatelaines. Gone, apparently for ever, are the days when the homes of England were famous for their excellent management and good fare. It is a far more serious matter than is usually supposed, for good cooking spells contentment and vitality. Somebody ought to write a book tracing the connection between dyspepsia and revolutionary agitation. And how can we expect to breed anything but a C3 population when a tin-opener is the most important utensil in the average English household? What England won on the playing-fields of Eton she may yet lose in the kitchens of her working- and middle-classes.

It has always been the privilege of an Englishman to lay stress on the shortcomings of his countrymen and then paradoxically to rejoice that they are his countrymen. The writer, like Mr. Bryant in his more gloomy moments, is thoroughly enjoying himself. "And in spite of all the temptations" enumerated by W. S. Gilbert, he would, for nothing in the world, fail to remain an Englishman.

FRANCIS TOYE.

Creevey

CREEVEY'S LIFE AND TIMES. A FURTHER SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by JOHN GORE. (Murray. 18s.)

Good postal gossip by a well-informed man with an eye for the amusing is the nearest equivalent to good talk, and many will turn eagerly to this further selection from the huge wad of Creevey's still unpublished Papers. When Sir Herbert Maxwell skimmed the cream in two volumes thirty years ago, he not only left (we are assured) at least as much good stuff as his limits allowed but Creevey himself was rather lost in the anecdotes he had recorded. Mr. John Gore, therefore, has really had a clear field. Not only has he provided one more fat volume of entertainment, but he has also had an eye upon Creevey himself, so that this time the reader is never drawn too far away from the incorrigible correspondent.

CREEVEY

The reader, in fact, begins to suspect that the popular estimate of Creevey—a self-seeker, a toady, and a man of reckless tongue—is insufficient and misleading. It is not easy to be spiteful and obsequious at the same time, and though, of course, Creevey looked after himself, he never neglected his poor relations and he did not complain of his own impecuniousness. A man must have been likeable who was so much liked when everybody knew that nobody was safe from Creevey's form of humour. He enjoyed the spectacle of existence and made others share his enjoyment. People who can live by their wits enjoy it so much that it does not occur to them to be very serious about anything else.

Mr. Gore has given second place to politics, but not until the death of his wife in 1818 does Creevey himself supply the main part of his information. His marriage with Mrs. Ord in 1802 was one great event in his life, and it was only after her death in 1818 that the centre of his interests turned from politics to society. The book must not be confused with a second helping; for while the quality that has drawn us to Creevey is again in evidence, here he becomes more than a vehicle of gossip and we follow his own fortunes as well as those of his friends. Creevey would have appreciated such a biographical impression as this gives, and that, perhaps, is the best recommendation for this indispensable addition to the Creevey papers.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Buchmanism

OXFORD AND THE GROUPS. Edited by R. H. S. CROSSMAN. (Basil Blackwell. 5s.)

THE MEANING OF THE GROUPS. Edited by F. A. M. SPENCER. (Methuen. 5s.)

THE GROUP MOVEMENT. By HERBERT HENSLEY HENSON. (Oxford University Press.)

ONE of these books is the Bishop of Durham's charge to the clergy of his Diocese. The other two are symposia of criticism and appreciation which together contain essays by no less than twenty-two different people. It is quite impossible to consider them in any detail here. But, in spite of the inevitable blurring, overlapping, and confusion of such books on such a subject, a few significant points appear clearly and may be usefully set down.

(1) The Oxford Groups claim to be inaugurating a world revival. They believe that, by their methods, all our wrongs can be set right. The movement therefore has political as well as specifically religious significance.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

The members of the Groups are almost exclusively of the middle class. Their desire for the "dictatorship" of the Holy Spirit is similar to the desire of the middle classes in Germany for the dictatorship of Hitler.

Two opposite inferences have been drawn from this.

(2) Apart from the indirect and haphazard effect of individual changes of heart, the Groups take no part in the solution of social problems.

(3) Ignorance of psychiatry makes the Groups' method of "sharing" sins often ineffectual and sometimes dangerous.

(4) Ignorance of normal psychology makes their testimony deceptive and their method of seeking "guidance" pathetically childish.

(5) They have very little theology and no respect for Christian tradition. Like similar movements in the past, they seem to be tending unwittingly towards schism.

(6) On the other hand, whatever the nature of their members or their methods, the Groups are attacking evils which must be attacked. If we are afraid that they will substitute worse evils for those which they may destroy, we must cease merely to giggle and turn up our noses. We must ourselves attack those evils in some more rational way.

From the orthodox Anglican point of view the Bishop of Durham attacks the Groups on pastoral, moral and theological grounds. "I am unable," he says, "to regard Dr. Buchman's movement as wholesome, or to recommend it to the clergy and laity within my jurisdiction." His entertaining preface provides plenty of good reasons for this condemnation.

Dr. Spencer's symposium is, on the whole, more friendly. Even those contributors who do not avowedly defend the Groups, seem to find it necessary, perhaps from fear of schism, perhaps from a laudable desire to be "fair," to make unconvincing excuses for them.

For anyone who really wants to find out what the Groups are, how they behave and what good or harm, to society or to individuals, their behaviour may be supposed to do, "Oxford and the Groups," admirably edited by Mr. Crossman, is by far the most informative of these three books. The contributions are more varied than those of the other symposium, and perhaps written from closer experience. Many of the writers, notably Mr. Auden and Dr. L. P. Jacks, are unusually astute. The book, as a whole,

gives a complete and well-balanced picture of this remarkable movement.

WYNYARD BROWNE.

Memories of War

MEMOIRS OF A CAMP FOLLOWER. By PHILIP GOSSE. (Longmans. 10s. 6.)

Now best known as the greatest English authority on pirates (and to a few as the owner of the most complete pirate library) and as a radium expert, Dr. Philip Gosse served in the War, on the Western Front and, in 1918, in India, as a medical officer, for a while as an ordinary M.O., but mostly in various special capacities, the latter, thanks—and there is no doubt about Dr. Gosse's honest thankfulness—to his abilities as a naturalist. He landed in France in the autumn of 1915 and, after being in the Armentières sector, he "proceeded" south, finally to the Somme of that fateful summer of 1916. For some time he acted as Rat Officer to the Second Army; his experiences in that unusual rôle provide the most interesting and amusing part of an always interesting, frequently amusing book. In September, 1917, he left France; three months later he arrived in India, where he spent most of his time at Poona. It is true that—luckily—we get little of the frightfulness of war, but it is equally true that Dr. Gosse's unconventionally undress reminiscences throw a great deal of light on the domestic side of Army life. In addition to the cheerful friendliness pervading his description of his duties, he offers charm in the numerous passages concerned with his enthusiastic hunting of the smaller animals and with his patient observation of birds both in Northern France and in India. In France, he says, "In the evening I would go out with my haversack full of traps and a piece of ration cheese for bait. Creeping about in the wet ditches and hedgerows I would look out for the tiny beaten tracks of my small jungle game: woodmice, voles and shrews." Many of Dr. Gosse's specimens are now in the London museums. The other aspect of these clearly and efficiently written memoirs may be guessed from his excellent story of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales or from that of the man who, very dangerously wounded in the belly, said that the wound hurt him only when he laughed.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Books Recommended

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE. GEORGE POLLOCK. (Bodley Head. 15s.)
LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER. JOHN GADE. (Scribner. 10s. 6d.)
JANE AUSTEN. GUY LAWRENCE. (Duckworth. 2s.)
VAN GOGH. PETER BURRA. (Duckworth. 2s.)
CHARLES LAMB: HIS LIFE RECORDED BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES. Compiled by EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Hogarth. 7s. 6d.)
THE FROLIC AND THE GENTLE. A. C. WARD. (Methuen. 6s.)
I WAS A GERMAN. ERNST TOLLER. (Bodley Head. 5s.)
MY LIFE AS GERMAN AND JEW. JACOB WASSERMANN. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
THE TRAGEDY OF A NATION: GERMANY, 1918 TO 1934. PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN. (Faber. 7s. 6d.)
THE PEACE AND THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION: VOL. III OF ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE. G. M. TREVELYAN. (Longmans. 21s.)
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. BASIL WILLEY. (Chatto. 12s. 6d.)
EMPIRE UNITY AND DEFENCE. MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. (Aitowsmith. 10s. 6d.)
THE WHEELS OF IND. JOHN W. MITCHELL. (Butterworth. 12s. 6d.)

FICTION.

- PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S CHILDREN. EDWARD CHARLES. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
14A. LAURA RIDING and GEORGE ELLIDGE. (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.)
COMPANY PARADE. STORM JAMESON. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
BUMPHREY'S. R. H. MOTTRAM. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)
THE QUEEN'S WIGS. NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
BELATED APRIL. MARION REID-JAMIESON and NAN ROSE. (Miles. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

- DEATH OF A GHOST. MARGERY ALLINGHAM. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
THE CHINESE JAR MYSTERY. JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. (Collins; Crime Club. 7s. 6d.)

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, MAY, 1934.

Correspondence	<i>C. L. Hales, Hugh Sellon & H. R. G. Balfour</i>
Current Comments	<i>Douglas Jerrold</i>
The New Era in Europe	<i>Captain J. H. F. McEwen, M.P.</i>
Queen Victoria and Ireland	<i>Hector Bolitho</i>
Peace in Cricket	<i>Sir Home Gordon, Bart.</i>
N.R.A. and Corporate State	<i>Luigi Villari</i>
Poem : Penshurst Revisited	<i>Joseph Braddock</i>
The Budget and Slums	<i>B. S. Townroe, M.A., J.P.</i>
The Door that would not Close	<i>The Hon R. Erskine of Marr</i>
France and her Problems	<i>John Bell</i>
A Countryman's Diary	<i>A. G. Street</i>
The Paris Peace Conference and After	<i>J. H. Morgan, K.C., D.L.</i>
Foreign Affairs	<i>Sir Charles Petrie</i>
Literary Supplement :	<i>Herbert Agar ; Hugh Kingsmill ; J. D. Gregory ; R. H. Mottram ; Sir Charles Petrie ; Eleanor C. Chilton ; Eric Partridge.</i>

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR
ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

Conservatism in Scotland

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. Hugh Sellon, mars his interesting consideration of Conservatism in Scotland by loose historical notions. In stating that England's past was Roman in essence, whether political or spiritual, he is quite at sea. England was founded in A.D. 449, long after the Romans had left, and therefore never saw the legions. All the use the English made of Roman remains was to bury them. One would be pleased to be told what of our political past was essentially Roman. I cannot myself think of anything essentially Roman forming a part of our political system.

As for our spiritual past, although we received Christianity from the new and Christian Rome, not the pagan Rome, we imparted to it an essence peculiar to the Northern nations, as pointed out by Dean Merivale in his Teutonic history, and we gradually threw off Papal domination over our Church.

Mr. Sellon states that Scotland never knew the legions as did her southern sister. This is somewhat vague. If by "Scotland" he means North Britain and by "southern sister," South Britain, that is true enough. But Scotland, as we know it was not formed till after the Norman Conquest, when a portion of Northern England containing Edinburgh, which was originally an English city, was cut off from the rest of England. This original and larger England also never knew the legions.

Yours etc.,

C. L. HALES.

[Mr. Sellon writes :—I was expecting the protest that Mr. Hales has made. Old traditions die hard, and few have survived longer than the old story that the Anglo-Saxons completely destroyed the Romanised inhabitants of Britain. The devastation that accompanied the over-running of the Roman Province of Britain was, unfortunately, greater than that which the Goths worked in Spain, or the Franks in Gaul. But the legends of the *Historia Brittonum* or the lamentations of Gildas can no longer deceive us into believing that the Romanised population was utterly destroyed. Intermarriage between conquerors and conquered undoubtedly took place, as is shown (amongst other evidence) by the number of words of obviously British origin that are found in our English speech—an admixture of Germano-Scandinavian and Roman-British blood is undoubtedly the racial nucleus of England. Mr. Hales says that England was founded in A.D. 449. This statement is as mistaken as, to say, that England was founded in 1066. A nation is the amalgam of all the races that have combined to form it. Racial history knows of no such arbitrary division by dates.

I cannot accept Mr. Hale's view of the nature of English Christianity. That there was English "particularist" feeling in the mediæval church is undoubtedly true. But this was found in every other State when it evolved a national consciousness, and in no church was it found more strongly than in the Gallican Church, which never broke with the Papacy. Mr. Hales will not agree with me, but I cannot regard the revolution effected by Henry VIII as being a manifestation of popular sentiment. In any case, England was a province of Catholic Christianity from the coming of St. Augustine to the fall of Wolsey. Is it possible that this period of her history left no permanent mark on her character?

[Continued on page 516]